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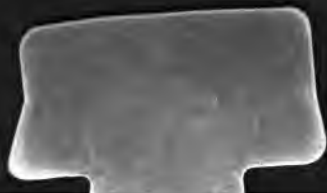
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# Hour by Hour:

OR  
*THE CHRISTIAN'S DAILY LIFE*



600088272X





HOUR BY HOUR.



# HOUR BY HOUR;

OR,

*THE CHRISTIAN'S DAILY LIFE.*

COMPILED BY

E. A. L.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

MDCCCLXXXV.

1410 - 125





*" Make a little fence of trust  
Around to-day,  
Fill the space with loving work,  
And therein stay.  
Look not through the sheltering bars  
Upon to-morrow;  
God will help thee bear what comes  
Of joy or sorrow."*

*" It is a good thing to show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night."—PSALM xcii. 1, 2.*

*" For me to live is Christ."—PHIL. i. 21.*

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*WAKING THOUGHTS.*

"I laid me down and slept ; I awaked ; for the Lord sustained me."—Psalm iii. 5.

"When I awake, I am still with Thee."—Psalm cxxxix. 18.


"The day is Thine : . . . Thou hast prepared the light and the sun."—Psalm lxxiv. 16.

"Awake up, my glory ; awake, psaltery and harp : I myself will awake early."—Psalm lvii. 8.

"He wakeneth morning by morning, He wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned."—Isaiah l. 4.

"And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."—Mark i. 35.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."—Psalm xvii. 15.



## Waking Thoughts.



“ AT dawning light I lay  
On Thee my every care ;  
For well I know through all the day  
My burden Thou wilt bear.”

“This morning I seem to have a fresh sense of my mercies ; and while thanking God for all His loving-kindness, this question seemed addressed to me with peculiar force, ‘Lackest thou anything?’ and I answer from my heart, ‘Nothing ; nothing but an ever-thankful heart leading me to *thanksgiving* as well as *thanksgiving*.’ God is my Refuge, my Hope, my ever-living Portion ; what can I need beside? My cup runneth over.”—*M. A. L.*

“ When morning gilds the skies,  
My heart, awaking, cries,

May Jesus Christ be praised,  
Alike at work and prayer.  
To Jesus I repair :  
May Jesus Christ be praised !”

—*E. Caswell.*



*PRAYER.*

"Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness in the morning ; for in Thee do I trust : cause me to know the way wherein I should walk ; for I lift up my soul unto Thee."—Psalm cxliii. 8.

"Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me : for Thou art the God of my salvation ; on Thee do I wait all the day."—Psalm xxv. 5.

"Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer."—Psalm xix. 14.

"O Lord, be gracious unto us ; we have waited for Thee : be Thou their arm every morning, our salvation also in the time of trouble."—Isaiah xxxiii. 2.

"As for me, I will call upon God ; and the Lord shall save me : evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud ; and He shall hear my voice."—Psalm lv. 16-17.

"Teach me to do Thy will ; for Thou art my God."—Psalm cxliii. 10.

## Prayer.

---

“ O WILL, that wilt good alone,  
Lead Thou the way ; Thou guidest best :  
A little child, I follow on,  
And, trusting, lean upon Thy breast.

Thy wonderful grand will, my God,  
With triumph now I make it mine ;  
And faith shall cry a joyous Yes !  
To every dear command of Thine.”

—*J. S. Pigott.*

“ The will of God is my pole-star, and, with my eye constantly upon it, I shall be carried safely through all storms and tempests.”

“ Ever remember that the deeper our wills sink into the will of God at any possible cost, the higher will be our bliss through all eternity.”—*E. C.*

“Open my waking eyes  
And fill them with Thy light,  
For Thee each plan begun,  
To Thee each duty done,  
Close them at night.”

—C. M. Noel, from “*Name of Jesus,*  
*and other Poems.*”

THY WILL BE DONE.

Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord Divine,  
Accept my gift this day for Jesus' sake !  
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,  
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make ;  
But here I bring within my trembling hand  
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth small,  
And only Thou, sweet Lord, canst understand  
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield my all.  
Hidden therein, Thy searching eyes can see  
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,  
All that I love, or am, or fain would be,  
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite ;  
It hath been wet with tears, and dimmed with sighs,  
Clenched in my grasp till beauty it hath none.  
Now from Thy footstool where it vanquished lies  
The prayer ascendeth, “ May Thy will be done ! ”  
Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,  
And merge it so in Thine own will, that e'en

If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,  
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been  
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,  
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,  
I may not know or feel it as my own,  
But gaining back my will, may find it Thine.  
— *Writer unknown.*

“ Jesus, Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;  
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there.  
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am :  
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame.

O grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone ;  
O may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown.  
All coldness from my heart remove ;  
May every act, word, thought, be love.

O Love, how cheering is Thy ray !  
All pain before Thy presence flies ;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er Thy healing beams arise.  
O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

O that I, as a little child,  
May follow Thee, and never rest  
Till sweetly Thou hast breathed Thy mild  
And lowly mind into my breast;  
Nor ever may we parted be,  
But may I e'er grow more like Thee.

In suffering be Thy love my peace;  
In weakness be Thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that important hour,  
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died."

—*Paul Gerhardt.*

"Not unto me be honour, Lord,  
'Tis Thine, yes, only Thine:  
I would that round my deepest soul  
No thoughts of self might twine;  
That I might live through all my life  
In fellowship divine.

Oh, could I only give myself  
Thine, ever Thine, to be,  
That every thought, and every word  
Might just be sent by Thee,  
So I might not say of anything  
That it was done by me.

---

Oh, could I only from myself  
A perfect freedom win ;  
Oh, could my heart be cleansed quite  
From every touch of sin,  
Kept by Thy Holy Spirit, Lord,  
Who ever dwells within.

But I can never think a thought  
Where self hath not its place,  
And I can never say a word  
But still myself I trace.  
Master ! instead of this poor self,  
Show me, I pray, Thy face."

—*F. E. J.*





*PURPOSE.*

"My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord ; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up."—Psalm v. 3.

"I have set the Lord always before me."—Psalm xvi. 8.

"I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress."—Psalm xvii. 3.

"I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way. O when wilt Thou come unto me ? I will walk within my house with a perfect heart. I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes."—Psalm ci. 2. 3.

"I will go in the strength of the Lord God : I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only."—Psalm lxxi. 16.

"I will hope continually, and will yet praise Thee more and more."—Psalm lxxi. 15.

"My mouth shall show forth Thy righteousness and Thy salvation all the day."—Psalm lxxi. 15.

"I will walk in Thy truth : unite my heart to fear Thy name."—Psalm lxxxvi. 11.

## Purpose.



“THY bright example I pursue,  
To Thee in all things rise ;  
Let all I think or speak or do  
Be one great sacrifice.  
As done to Thee, do Thou receive  
Each humble work of mine ;  
Worth to my meanest labour give  
By joining it to Thine.”—*C. Wesley.*

“I want to praise, with life renewed,  
As ne’er I praised before ;  
With voice and pen, with song and speech,  
To praise Thee more and more,  
And the gladness and the gratitude  
Rejoicingly outpour.”—*F. R. Havergal.*

“ I will be Thine with all my powers,  
My memory, mind, and will,  
And all my consecrated hours  
Thy service to fulfil.”—*Anon.*

“ Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.”  
—*F. R. Havergal.*

“ In full and glad surrender,  
I give myself to Thee,  
Thine utterly and only,  
And evermore to be.

O Son of God who lovest me,  
I will be Thine alone,  
And all I have, and all I own,  
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

Reign over me, Lord Jesus !  
O make my heart Thy throne ;  
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,  
It shall be Thine alone.

Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus !  
Rule over everything,

---

And keep me always loyal  
And true to Thee, my King !”

—*F. R. Havergal.*

“ My gracious Lord, I own Thy right  
To every service I can pay,  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear Thy dictates and obey.

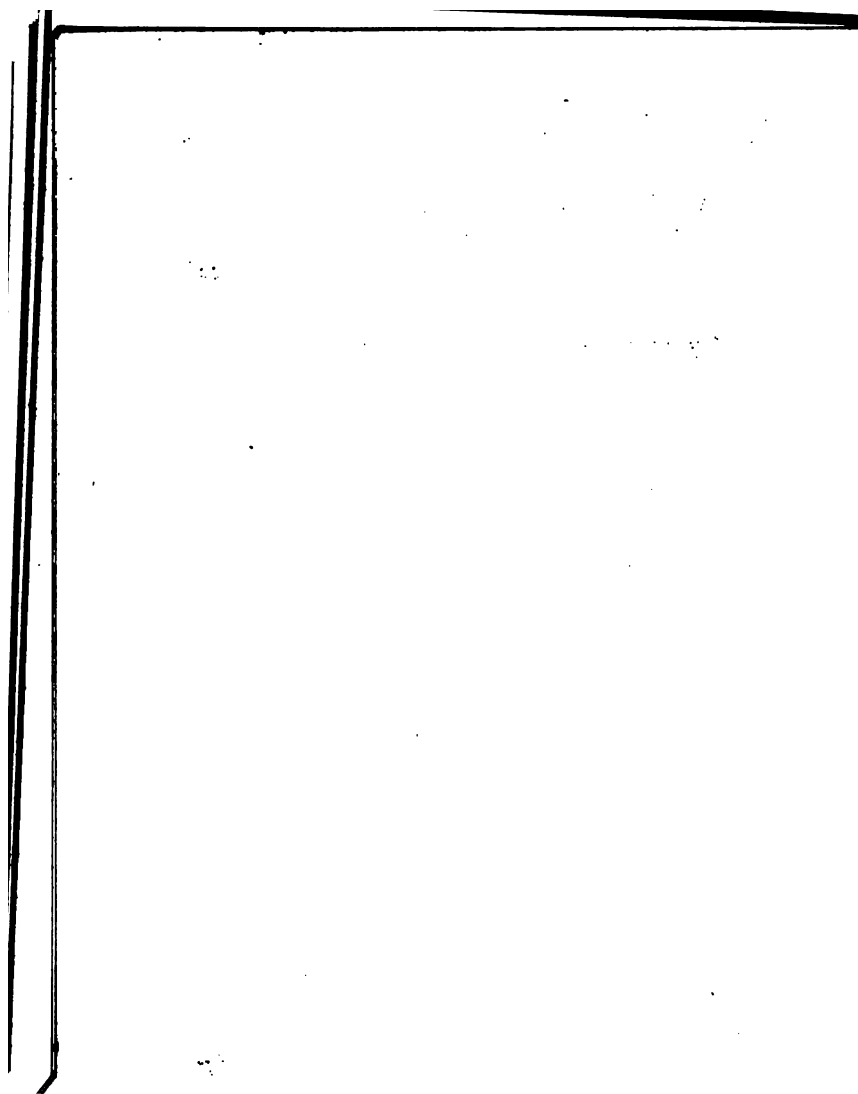
What is my being but for Thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end ?  
Thy ever-smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend ?

I would not breathe for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good ;  
Nor future days or powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.

’Tis to my Saviour I would live ;  
To Him who for my ransom died ;  
Nor could untainted Eden give  
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

His work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigour is no more,  
And my last hour of life confess  
His love hath animating power.”

—*Doddridge.*



## *DRESS.*

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"Be clothed with humility."—1 Peter v. 5.

"Whose adorning, let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."—1 Peter iii. 4.

"But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."—Rom. xiii. 14.

"Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all (overcome all), to stand."—Eph. vi. 11, 13.

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."—Psalm xc. 17.

"I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."—Isaiah lxi. 10.

"The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework. So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty, for He is thy Lord."—Psalm xlv. 11, 13, 14.



## Dress.

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“NEVER consider yourself dressed, except you have on the white garment of inward sanctification, the royal robe of Christ’s righteousness, and the embroidered cloak of a blameless conversation.”

“Jesus, Thy robe of righteousness  
My beauty is, my glorious dress ;  
Midst flaming worlds in this array’d,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruin’d nature sinks in years ;  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.”

—Zinzendorf.

“ ‘Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ’ as the most suitable dress for a saint at work, as well as for a sinner desiring justification before God.”—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

“Adorned with every heavenly grace,  
May our example brightly shine,  
And the full glory of Thy face  
Reflected beam from each of Thine.”

“In Christ Jesus there is merit to cover our demerit, purity to cover our deformity, perfection to cover our imperfection, acceptance to cover our provocations. We are comely with the comeliness which the Lord Jesus puts upon us. He is seen, and we are hidden, or only seen in Him, so as to be accepted in the Beloved. We have nothing to do but to enter into Christ by faith, for virtually that is what a man has to do with his garments; he gets *into* them: and so he who puts on Christ is in Christ; Christ is over him, and round about him.”—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

*POST-TIME.*

"He shall not be afraid of evil tidings : his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."—Psalm cxii. 7.

"But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil."—Prov. i. 33.

"And Hezekiah received the letter . . . and read it : and Hezekiah went up unto the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord. And Hezekiah prayed unto the Lord . . . Incline Thine ear, O Lord, and hear ; open Thine eyes, O Lord, and see, and hear all the words of Sennacherib, which hath sent to reproach the living God. . . . Then Isaiah sent unto Hezekiah saying, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Whereas thou hast prayed to me against Sennacherib, this is the word which the Lord hath spoken concerning him. . . . I will turn thee back by the way which thou camest . . . thou shalt not come into this city nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shields, nor cast a bank against it ; for I will defend this city to save it, for mine own sake, and for My servant David's sake."—Isaiah xxxvii. 14-35.

## Post-Time.

---

“I AM not able to correspond much with my many friends, having so much to do, but every letter I get from them, whether I am able to answer it soon or not, always gives me a new errand to the mercy-seat on their behalf.”—*E. C.*

“Hezekiah took Sennacherib’s letter and spread it before the Lord, not designing to make any complaints against him but that grounded upon his own handwriting. Let the thing speak for itself; here it is in black and white. ‘Open Thine eyes, O Lord, and see.’ God allows His praying people to be heartily free with Him, to utter all their words, to spread the letter, whether of a friend or an enemy, before Him, and leave the contents, the concern of it, with Him.”

“We have enough to take hold of in our wrestling with God by prayer, if we can but plead that His glory is interested in our case, that His name will be profaned if we are run down, and glorified if we are relieved; thence therefore will our most prevailing pleas be drawn, ‘Do it for Thy glory’s sake.’”—*Matthew Henry.*



*MEAL-TIME.*

"Give us this day our daily bread."—Matt. vi. 11.

"Feed me with food convenient for me."—Prov. xxx. 8.

"They did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God."—Acts ii. 46.

"Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."—1 Tim. vi. 8.

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."—Rom. xiv. 21.

"Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."—1 Cor. x. 31.

"Men shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."—Matt. iv. 4.

"Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart."—Jer. xv. 16.

"How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth."—Psalm cxix. 103.

"I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food."—Job xxiii. 12.

"He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."—Psalm cvii. 9.



## Meal-Time.

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“O BREAD to pilgrims given,  
O food that angels eat,  
O manna sent from heaven,  
For heaven-born natures meet !  
Give us, for Thee long pining,  
To eat till richly filled,  
Till, earth's delights resigning,  
Our every wish is stilled.”

—*Ray Palmer.*

“Feed me with the ‘bread of my allowance,’ such bread as Thou thinkest fit to allow me. As to all the gifts of Divine Providence, we must refer ourselves to the Divine Wisdom. ‘Or the bread that is fit for me,’ as a man, a master of a family, that which is agreeable to my rank and condition in the world ; for as is the man, so is his competency. Our Saviour seems to refer to this when He teaches us to pray, ‘Give us this day our daily bread,’ as this seems to refer to Jacob’s vow, in which he wished for no more than bread to eat and raiment to put on.

‘Food convenient for us;’ what we ought to be content with, though we have not dainties, varieties, and superfluities; what is for necessity, though we have not for delight, and ornament; and it is what we may in faith pray for, and depend upon God for.”—*Matthew Henry*.

“There is such a thing as a spiritual taste, an inward savour and relish for Divine things, such an evidence of these to ourselves by experience as we cannot give to others. ‘We have heard Him ourselves’ (John iv. 42). To this Scripture taste, the Word of God is sweet, very very sweet; sweeter than any of the gratifications of sense, even those that are most delicious.”—*Matthew Henry*.

*DAILY HOME-LIFE.*

"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love ; in honour preferring one another ; not slothful in business ; fervent in spirit ; serving the Lord ; rejoicing in hope ; patient in tribulation ; continuing instant in prayer."—Rom. xii. 10-12.

"Be careful for nothing : but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—Phil. iv. 6, 7.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report : if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Phil. iv. 8.

"Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."—1 Tim. iv. 12.

"Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, a heart of compassion, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering ; forbearing one another, forgiving one another : . . . and whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him ; . . . and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."—Col. iii. 12, 13, 17, 23.

## Daily Home-Life.

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“MINE be the reverent listening love  
That waits all day on Thee,  
With the service of a watchful heart  
Which no one else can see;  
The faith that, in a hidden way  
No other eye may know,  
Finds all its daily work prepared,  
And loves to have it so.”—*A. L. Waring.*

“A sublime life is made up of daily commonplace duties done in a Christian spirit.”—*S. H.*

“A holy life has a voice ; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.”

“Begin the web of duty in faith, and God will supply you with threads.”

"I would wish you to have that religion which makes conscience of a word, a look, a tone of voice."—*H. Evans.*

"A kind word, a gentle act, a loving smile, are as so many seeds that we can scatter every moment of our lives, and which will always spring up and bear fruit."

"By love serve one another."

#### LITTLE THINGS.

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

I asked the Lord to let me do  
Some mighty work for Him,  
To fight amidst His battle-hosts,  
Then sing the victor's hymn ;  
I longed my ardent love to show ;  
But Jesus would not have it so.

He placed me in a quiet home,  
Where life was calm and still,  
And gave me little things to do,  
My daily round to fill.  
I could not think it good to be  
Just put aside so silently.

Small duties gathered round my way,  
They seemed of earth alone ;  
I, who had longed for conquests bright  
To lay before His throne,  
Had common things to do and bear,  
To watch and strive with daily care.

So then I thought my prayer unheard,  
• And asked the Lord once more  
That He would give me work for Him  
And open wide the door,  
Forgetting that my Master knew  
Just what was best for me to do.

Then quietly the answer came,  
“ My child, I hear thy cry ;  
Think not that mighty deeds alone  
Will bring thee victory.  
Thy life-work has been planned by Me ;  
Let daily life thy conquests see.”

—E. A. Godwin.

*Extract from the diary of a loving daughter bearing testimony to the quiet home influence of her sainted mother.*

“ On this day we finally leave our home at E——, and turn from nearest and dearest scenes to anticipate new and untried ones. Here God strengthened His child to bear such witness to His truth, that I feel Christianity was for

years embodied and set forth before me. Here, too, the shadow of death was turned into the morning, and seemed a conquest. She fell to conquer; she died for the immortal quickening. Hers was the blessedness of the pure in heart who see God in everything,—in all His works and all events of daily life, with an encircling presence to teach, strengthen, and elevate. The earth-born clouds seemed all cleared from her horizon, and light as from God's own presence shone into her, single and purified, and gave time and eternity their real, their true relation, true meaning and import. Here, the Cross of Christ was seen to be the power of God unto salvation in all the fulness of its meaning, in making the believer consecrated and holy, a sanctuary for the King of kings. Here, union to Christ was seen to be life,—life circulating and thrilling through the entire nature, till one had a glimpse of the inspired meaning of a 'tree of righteousness' and of those reviving who grow under its shadow. The Christian is a priest; his presence does hallow earthly homes; and of all holy spots this has seemed to me to be above every other. My mother has still lived here in the hearts that have never ceased to bear witness and to be vocal almost to memory. Oh, that the principles she instilled, may be more firmly rooted in our nature, the truths she lived be embodied in our characters, the hope that sustained and animated her, increasingly prompt and invigorate our spiritual life, and then we can never pass from her presence even here, but shall ever abide in the one communion."—*M. A. L.*



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"You cannot keep the grace of God a secret; it will reveal itself. You need not advertise your religion; *live it*, and other people will talk about it. It is good to speak for Christ whenever you have a fair opportunity, but your life should be your best sermon."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

"I expect to pass through this world but once; any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

"May it not be a comfort to those of us who feel we have not the mental or spiritual power that others have, to notice that the living sacrifice mentioned in Rom. xii. 1 is our bodies? Of course that includes the loving, sympathising glance, the kind, encouraging tone, *the ready errand for another*, the work of our hands, opportunities for all of which come oftener in the day, than for the mental power we are often tempted to envy. May we be enabled to offer willingly that which we have; for if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."—*A. F. P.*



*CHRISTIAN WORK.*

“For me to live is Christ.”—Phil. i. 21.

“A vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master’s use, and prepared unto every good work.”—2 Tim. ii. 21.

“Filled with the knowledge of His will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding . . . walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work.”—Col. i. 9, 10.

“Let us not be weary in well-doing ; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.”—Gal. vi. 9, 10.

“I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit.”—John xv. 16.

“Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.”—2 Tim. ii. 15.

“Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established.”—Prov. xvi. 3.

“Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.”—1 Cor. xv. 58.

“Ye serve the Lord Christ.”—Col. iii. 24.

## Christian Work.

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“DIRECT, control, suggest this day  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.”

“Lord, take my lips and speak through them ; take my  
mind and think through it ; take my heart and set it on  
fire.”—*Ken.*

“O Lord, love poor sinners through me.”

“Oh, to be nothing, nothing !  
Only to lie at His feet,  
A broken and emptied vessel,  
For the Master’s use made meet ;  
Emptied, that He might fill me,  
As forth to His service I go ;  
Broken, that so unhindered  
His life through me might flow.”  
—*G. M. Taylor.*

“Lord, make me a stepping-stone to Thy glory. Tread on me if Thou wilt, but exhibit Thyself in me, and put me out of sight.”—*City Missionary*.

“Work, for the night is coming!  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labour,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.”

—*S. Dyer*.

*TESTIMONY.*

“O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.”—Psalm li. 15.

“I will praise Thee ; for Thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.”—Psalm cxviii. 21.

“In the day when I cried Thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.”—Psalm cxxxviii. 3.

“O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together. I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears . . . O taste and see that the Lord is good : blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.”—Psalm xxxiv. 3, 4, 8.

“Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul. I cried unto Him with my mouth, and He was extolled with my tongue. . . Verily God hath heard me ; He hath attended to the voice of my prayer. Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor His mercy from me.”—Psalm lxvi. 16-20.

“And many of the Samaritans of that city believed on Him for the saying of the woman, which testified, He told me all that ever I did.”—John iv. 39.



## Testimony.

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“ YESTERDAY was the anniversary of my mother’s translation, and I went past the old home, and lingered in the garden a little, and realised it all. And yet I never before felt so thankful and satisfied, so expectant, so sure, that I shall never receive aught but good from my Father’s hand. It was indescribably sweet and soothing, and I linked *all* our past with my Father’s purpose, so gentle, and yet so strong, so inalienably certain, so far out of the spoiler’s touch, that I knew I was built on a rock, and embraced by a love which encompassed me all around. Everything in God and of God, no chance, no mistake, no haste, no delay, nothing defeating His quenchless purpose to serve and bless. O dear friend, let us fear nothing, save the faithless spirit which grieves and dishonours Him by the least questioning or murmuring at His ordering.”—*M. A. L.*

“ My heart is resting, O my God ;  
I will give thanks and sing ;

My heart is at the secret source  
Of every precious thing :  
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made  
No hand but Thine shall fill,  
For the waters of this world have failed,  
And I am thirsty still.”—*A. L. Waring.*

“ If I have a bitter cup, God seems to surround me with ministering ones to drop sweets into it continually ; thus making me to say, ‘ It is good for me to be afflicted.’ Think of me, dear friend, ‘ grace for grace,’ and every moment new. I cannot by pen describe the nature of my trial ; enough to know I am in the battle-field. God knows all my position, and He will direct, strengthen, and counsel in answer to prayer. Pray for me ; this is the very best thing you, or any earthly friend can do. Now do not consider I am unhappy ! God is with me ; I feel His presence nigh ; then how can I be otherwise than happy ? The sky for the present is dark, but the stars are so beautifully bright ; they could not shine as they do save in a dark, dark sky. And more : I must tell you how every now and then the beautiful Bow of Promise comes into view, telling of what the natural eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and causing that peace within which the world can neither give nor take away.”—*E. H.*

*HOURS OF PERPLEXITY.*

"That which I see not, teach Thou me."—Job xxxiv. 32.

"Light is sown for the righteous."—Psalm xcvi. 11.

"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."—Psalm cxii. 4.

"Truly my soul waiteth upon God. . . . My expectation is from Him."—Psalm lxii. 1, 5.

"Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."—Zech. iv. 7.

"I will make all My mountains a way."—Isaiah xlix. 11.

"The Lord, which maketh a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters."—Isaiah xliii. 16.

"I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."—Isaiah xlii. 16.

"Perplexed, but not in despair."—2 Cor. iv. 8.

"Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for Me?"—Jer. xxxii. 27.

"Lord God, there is nothing too hard for thee!"—Jer. xxxii. 17.

## Hours of Perplexity.

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“SAY not, my soul, ‘from whence can God relieve thy care?’  
Remember that Omnipotence has servants everywhere !  
His methods are sublime, His heart profoundly kind ;  
God never is before His time, and never is behind.”

“There is a promise in God’s Word that will fit into  
every socket of your need. Search for it till found.”

“I once asked a clergyman how we might be sure our  
path was a providential one? ‘You may see it’ said he,  
‘if you will prayerfully watch for it. You will know it by  
this mark ; it has openness before you, and a hedging up  
behind you ; you can walk in it without stumbling ; you  
cannot retrograde nor diverge without being wounded.’”

“It is a blessing to know that all is ordered by One  
who sees past, present, and future, and that what is a  
‘perhaps’ to us, is a certainty to Him whose name and  
whose nature are love.”

“Love is the quickest and best of all interpreters. He

who loves Jesus most, will best discern and know His will."

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

"How great is the consolation that a flood of light will ere long be poured on the dark, yea, the very darkest parts of our providential history! Let us look at these by themselves, and our faith without the Lamp of Calvary is staggered, and we fail, sinking into despondency; but see them in relation to all that shall follow, and then the symmetry, the beauty, the infinite kindness of these trying events, will cause the eternal tide of our joy to rise higher and higher. It is a fact that the more we fervently seek to be like Christ, the more, as a general rule, shall we drink of His cup. Now this seems opposed to what we should naturally expect, that the more we please God, the more should we be called to sympathise with the Man of Sorrows."—*E. C.*

"Truth and perplexity drive me to prayer, and prayer drives me away from trouble and perplexity."—*Melancthon.*

#### MY FUTURE.

"My times are in Thine hand."—Ps. xxxi. 15.

My future I can leave  
Safe in Thy care;  
I place it in Thy hand,  
And leave it there.

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It is so sweet to feel  
My whole life long,  
Thy loving plan for me  
Cannot go wrong.

I know that Thou wilt choose  
The best for me,  
And I can be at rest,  
And trust in Thee!"

—*Mrs. Walton.*





*CORRESPONDENCE.*

"Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart ; so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel."—Prov. xxvii. 9.

"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."—Prov. xxv. 25.

"Beloved, I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation."—Jude 3.

"His letters (say they) are weighty and powerful. . . . Such as we are in word by letters when we are absent, such will we be also in deed when we be present."—2 Cor. x. 10, 11.

"Acceptable words . . . words of truth."—Eccles. xii. 10.

"My heart is inditing a good matter : I speak of the things which I have made touching the King ; my tongue is the pen of a ready writer."—Psalm xlv. 1.

"Blessed be the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 3, 4.

## Correspondence.

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“THE influence of letters on the minds and hearts of others, drawing the thoughts either towards God or towards the world, is a most important consideration. Few think of the mark which is made, even if only for the moment, upon other hearts and lives by a single letter. Letter-writing, then, is surely a talent intrusted to us, which may, by God’s blessing, bring its return in our Lord’s service, when He inquires of us how much every man has gained by trading? (Luke xix. 15).”—  
*Rev. E. Boys.*

“ I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles  
And wipe the weeping eyes ;  
A heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathise.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate,  
A work of holy love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait."

—*A. L. Waring.*

"A letter timely writ is a rivet to the chain of affection, and a letter untimely delayed is as rust to the solder."—*Tupper.*

"The correspondence between earth and heaven is never let fall on God's side."—*Matthew Henry.*

*Letter to a stranger on the death of her mother, written  
by one long since gone home.*

"DEAR FRIEND,—Now that I am seated pen in hand, I hardly know how to begin my letter; but dear H—— has been telling me of your deep trial, and I could not resist the opportunity of sending a few lines. Our mutual friend has told me so much of you, that I hardly feel as though addressing a stranger; and I know only too well that the language of grief is the same in these human hearts of ours, however varying may be the circumstances attending it. Will you join your hand in mine upon an experience of the same conflict through which you have

been called to pass? May I speak of the comfort where-with our God comforted me in the cloudy and dark day which is still too vividly pictured ever to pass from my memory? God can give us joy out of our griefs and the day-dawn out of night, and even in trial like yours He will cause you to exchange the spirit of heaviness for the garment of praise. There is no peradventure in God's purposes towards us, whatever may be the tumultuous sayings of our faithless hearts. In the midst of the darkness, a darkness that may be felt, when everything may seem to be passing from beneath us, and we are loosed from our moorings, drifting we know not whither, He is still guiding us, though in a way that we know not, and will bring us to a city of habitation. True that a page of life's history is turned now, over which we may never bend again; but our Father offers us another page, fuller and richer than anything we have known in the past. Tears may so blind us that we shall at first fail to read even a small portion of that which His gracious hand has traced for us, but then it is in letters of light which assure us that He will yet give back to us all that was of Himself, the truth, the love, the beauty, all on which we fed for so many long years in those who have passed away to be with Him. Meanwhile His own loving hand (and no other) puts our dear ones a little way apart from us, that we may go to the fountain of life and blessedness. We may feel poverty-stricken, but God's purpose is ever to enrich us. He never takes from His children without a

deep, large, loving purpose of bestowing blessings far beyond those He has withdrawn. Our earthly estimates, our false standards, may make it difficult to read this blessed truth in trials that lay us waste, but my dear sorrowing friend will find it so, to her inexpressible joy and rest. This is the famous stone which turneth all the losses and chastenings of this chequered scene into gold, and the assurance of such a truth turns the edge of the bitterest trials. Do not fear to press on into the appropriation of a Father's high and holy purpose for you. He will fulfil all the good pleasure of His goodness towards you. He is pledged to supply your every need, and to manifest Himself to you in new and close relationships. Himself, the fountain-head of all earthly channels, is there. Can there be aught of need in you which He cannot supply? True, no earthly love, or tenderness, or care, or sympathy may ever approach in depth or sweetness the ever-welling fount which has ceased toward you; but never until we are drawn to Christ, until our expectation is from Him, do we dream of the fulness with which He will meet us, nor of the varied channels of blessing which spring to greet us when least we had hoped for them. Still God's children are journeying *towards* the sun-rising, and not *from* it; and now is Christ risen, 'the first-fruits of them that sleep;' as Jesus burst the tomb, so shall His children also, and all who sleep must arise to share in the glory of their risen Lord. Until then God is carrying on His works in His own way, sunshine and cloud, stormy wind and vapour, alike fulfilling His

purposes towards His children. Let us rest in the assurance of this ; let us honour Him by never doubting His loving purposes, however shrouded. Amid all our sin and utter weakness, our infirmities and unfaithfulness, let us only more simply cast ourselves upon Him. He will perfect that which concerneth us. He will hold us safely amid all. He is stronger than all that are against us.

“Will you, dear, forgive my boldness in writing to one whom I have never met? I never can say what I would to those who are in trial, and all human sympathy is so poor, so utterly inadequate to meet our deep need ; nay, it often seems by its shallowness to mock us. At least I know to the full all that may be meant by the loss you have sustained, for no child who was ever committed to a mother’s love drank of a purer, deeper confidence and sympathy than I, and only the arm of Almighty love saved me from the darkness of a midnight wreck when God called her away. So I can feel with those who are thus bereaved. May God comfort your heart with His effectual consolation. I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you some day. Meanwhile believe me to remain yours in truest sympathy and affection,

M. A. L.

*Extracts from a letter written to a young mother on the loss of two (and only) children within a day of each other.*

“MY DEAREST M——, I received from dear B—— this morning the touching announcement which has been lying

very heavily upon my heart throughout the day. I was on the eve of going out for a very long drive, or should have obeyed my first impulse to write immediately. My heart aches for you, my dear one, when I think of the storm which has swept over you within a few short days. The voice of Jesus alone can speak to your heart. I know human sympathy seems so poor, so partial, so mean in such seasons of sorrow, that I would not write at all; only I feel that I cannot be silent; I must at least give expression to my deep sympathy, and assure you of my constant remembrance. I will bear you upon my heart before our Father in heaven, and ask Him abundantly to fulfil His own promises towards those He has smitten.

“Let me claim the privilege of an old friend; let me clasp your hand, and kiss the dear face I always loved so very dearly; let me remind M—— of our real sisterhood in Jesus, and then I may speak to her of our Father’s love and purpose. Jesus has folded your lambs; they came from Him, and of His own have you given Him. You have not surrendered them to any other keeping than that of the Good Shepherd. No stranger hand withdrew your babes from their mother’s keeping. Your life is hid with Christ in God; there, too, are they hidden until the manifestation of the children of God, still yours.

‘Maternal rights secure,  
Not given to another,  
The bars of heaven shine faint between  
The soul of child and mother.’



“Look up, my darling, look onward, look homeward ! There are your treasures, only garnered to await the harvest-home. ‘When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall they also appear with Him in glory. Yet a little, and you shall inherit the land, and your children with you shall inhabit a quiet habitation. Not one of the stakes thereof shall be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. Accept the full cup of consolation which the promises of God hold out to you, my dear one, and follow the track of the risen, ascended, and glorified Saviour. All the gloom and darkness are dispelled in that sun-rising which has vanquished death. Do not struggle with your grief ; you have no strength to do so. Sink down on Christ ; pillow your weary aching head and heart on Him ; there shall you find a throb responsive to every agonised pulsation of your own. He knows all, He feels all—more than M—— and her C—— do. He would have spared them if He could. He did not willingly (from His heart) afflict you. ‘Now men see not the bright light which is in the *clouds*.’ Jesus sees it, and He is doing all with reference to your future. He loves His children too well to sacrifice their future to the present. He will perfect that which concerneth you. He hath ‘allured you and brought you into this wilderness that He may speak comfortably to you and give you your vineyards from thence.’ And however it may *seem*, His only purpose is to enrich you ; and when you have seen the end of the Lord in thus casting you into the fiery furnace, your heart shall praise and thank Him, ever yours.

“Do I seem to make light of your trial and of the stroke which has levelled, or I should rather say has transplanted, those in whom the young mother bloomed and blossomed again? Nay, nay, my darling; not so do I judge that wondrous ever-welling fount, which flows on and ever in her heart of hearts! I have at least one key to a mother’s heart in all the sweet, fragrant memories which cluster around every aspect of this relationship, some gauge as to the current, by the deep-dug channel which was left bare when that stream was diverted. My heart bleeds for you, and I can only rest in the assurance that God is dealing with you as with children, and that in very faithfulness He will fulfil towards you all His good pleasure.”—*M. A. L.*

*Extracts from a letter to a friend on her wedding-day.*

“MY DEAREST FRIEND,—A few brief lines must be the only expression of my deep interest and sympathy on this memorable day. I do not mean that they will satisfy me, but you know there are occasions when words will not arise to be shaped into sentences, and when one’s fondest wishes and hopes are most truly expressed in prayer, and when, linking our beloved ones with our Father in heaven, we can rejoice in the assurance that He will far exceed all our poor desires and expectations. This day in the history of my friends has ever been, as far as I am concerned, a dumb day, filled up with thoughts and feelings rather than words. I can only say, ‘God bless you both!’ God

bless you both in the fullest and broadest significance which the words convey to a Christian, and may each year open up to you an ever-growing joy in each other, and an ever-brightening and wider view of the heavenly inheritance. How blessed ever to keep this as the horizon of our hopes, and to enter upon the enjoyment of all that our bountiful God bestows, in the sure faith that the deepest draughts of earthly happiness are but the foretastes of the fulness of joy which is treasured up for us! . . .

“ One lovely morning last week (a prematurely bright and mild one, stolen from summer perhaps), I took for me a long and solitary stroll. I was quite surprised to find so many spring flowers, so many varied leaves, and peeping buds and ferns, and young, fresh beauties everywhere. A tiny stream babbled on so musically, almost unseen. And then my thoughts wandered on, and my walk seemed such an appropriate emblem of life, and the thought arose, I hope dearest H——’s experience may be as full of sunshine and of fresh breezes, of bright bits of colour, and of ever-renewing freshness and greenness, and the musical stream running so happily and steadily to the ocean, as this was. I don’t think I shall ever walk down that lane without thinking of you; everything was so exquisitely green, and happy, and full of promise. . . .

“ Good-bye, my darling. May the Lord be with you, blessing your ‘going out and your coming in,’ giving you more and more joy in each other and in Himself. May

He give you long bright years, and fill every cloudy day with His own light, until at length His purposes by you and for you are fully accomplished."—*M. A. L.*

*Letter to a friend on the danger of introspection.*

"It has often appeared to me that there is a spiritual and deeply true application of that passage, 'Stormy winds and vapours fulfilling His word.' There are seasons in our spiritual growth, just as truly as in the natural world around; and I have been particularly impressed of late with the very close analogy one bears to the other. A winter, stern and sterile and stormy, generally precedes and ushers in even the first growth of spiritual life; and perhaps, as the sunshine dries up and parches the ground till vegetation withers, so does prosperity dry and parch us up too. There are many graces that can only grow in storms, and I feel sure that character never strengthens without them, just as the tree that bears the strong blast at last stands in a sturdy vigour unknown before. But, dear friend, I cannot help thinking that you are sad or anxious, and often in heaviness perhaps, through too much self-investigation. There is a self-scrutiny that becomes bondage, instead of a means of growth; there is a testing and trying of our motives and actions that checks and impedes even the healthy flow of life. May we not learn by observing how life manifests its presence in our physical frames? Do we not move and breathe and hunger

and thirst, and perform all the functions of life without anxious care? Now it may be said this is a comparison between things that differ ; and so it is, yet there is essential agreement. The divine life proves its presence by love to God, by desires to please Him, by hungering and thirsting after the truth, and His presence and favour, by all those impulses that continually prompt the return to its own sources. Now, dear E——, just in proportion to the strength of this divine principle, will be the health, and vigour, and strength of our lives ; and we need not examine if this action or this or that thought are exactly right, for we may become in fear and bondage to everything, till at last life shall be bound in on every hand by fear and constraint, and the play of thought and emotion, and the very exercise of judgment, shall be paralysed, till the spontaneous and natural expression of feeling shall be feared as the occasion of sin.

“ Have you not often found, dear friend, that a fear to do wrong has sometimes so hemmed you in, as it were, that you shrank from the exercise of thought lest you should go astray, and from conversation lest you should speak the unsuitable, the unguarded word? And going still more deeply within, have you not been bewildered in the endeavour to scrutinise and guard thought? Now, dear E——, I do not think this is the form our spiritual aspirations should take ; just as Miss R—— so beautifully says: ‘ Only let our hearts be filled with His love and our lives with His presence, and everything that is contrary

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to His Will, will be expelled from both, simply because there is no room for them. You need not pluck off the dead leaves ; the young buds will gently push them off.' And so it seems that instinctively, as it were, the Christian will increasingly avoid and be kept from sin ; his nature does not and will not assimilate with it. And while imploring that his love may become more ardent, and that light and strength may be given daily in larger measure, he may, without that unceasing, self-torturing analysis of motives, desires, and actions, walk hopefully and trustingly in the assurance that God will keep him, and perfect that work which from its earliest stage is His and His alone.

"I often think that many of our conflicts are the result of misapprehension rather than the hiding of God's countenance ; the clouds of doubt that hide Him from our souls are mists and vapours that ascend from ourselves, and form the barrier between the direct reception of His light, just as all clouds are earth-born that hide the shining of the natural sun."—*M. A. L., March 1, 1854.*

"Your remarks concerning the gradual melting away of prejudice between Mr. — and Mr. — interested me much, and I could not help thinking how truly ignorance is the parent of prejudice, which, like a morning mist, melts away as we pass from externals to heart intercourse, to interchange of sympathy on those things dearest to us. Our eyes are often holden that we see not one another, until on some happy day the barriers fall, and we recognise

as brethren and sisters those whom Christ has made one. And is not this true, dear friend, in a higher sense also? Do not many heavenly teachings salute our ears in vain? Oh, those words of Jesus seem to utter such a rebuke to us when, thirsty and weary of self and sin, our hearts fail and faint, and we know not where to look : ‘ If thou knewest the gift of God, and Who it is that says to thee, Give Me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee the living water springing up to everlasting life.’ How mingled is one’s experience ! and yet there can be no doubt that God intended life to be a joyful service, an offering of thanksgiving as well as thanks-living, a conflict sustained throughout by the shout of victory, a deep ever-welling peace that passeth understanding, keeping us undisturbed in the din and strife and confusion of life’s pageant and vain show.”—*M. A. L.*

“ Easter Sunday was so bright and beautiful. It is, as Keble says, the ‘ Day of days ’ with me, and I do so hail its return from year to year, with its glorious assurance of a risen Saviour, its pledges of life for us, a full, ever-during, deep, satisfying life, when we have completed our walk through this valley of the shadow of death. The anticipations and earnestings of this, seem each year increasingly precious, as the storms and changes of life carry away one by one each petal of our early blossom, and leave us comparatively naked and bare. There ought, to the Christian at least, to be no sadness in the realisation of this, for life

through death is the great principle for ever manifested, not only in our glorified Lord, but more or less in the experience of each follower of Jesus. I feel sure that God's purpose is ever an ascending one, like Jacob's ladder from earth to heaven; and that He withholds, withdraws, and lays us bare, ever to work out a far higher good than the one over which we should close our hands in blind satisfaction if left to ourselves."—*M. A. L.*, 1861.

"I fear your dear mother may have been much tried in strength by this sudden trial. How we long to shield our beloved ones from scenes of suffering and from sudden shocks! and our only consolation, when we have failed to do so, lies in the conviction, that our loving Father would have spared them had it been for their highest good. It is so blessed to know that a Covenant God is dealing with us in each and all of these experiences which are so trying to flesh and blood, which seem to cross every instinct of our nature. If we could only gain the true ground from which to view trial, if we could only stand in the sure place which is laid for God's children, surely we might breathe freely when the clouds were nearest and most threatening. May God by the power of His Spirit place us in this pavilion of safety, this mountain of rocks, that we may fear no evil even in this valley of the shadow of death."—*M. A. L.*, 1860.

"I must just pen a line expressive of my love, sym-



pathy, and frequent remembrance in this season of trial and conflict. Doubtless you have found strength *equal* to the need of each day, though none for the morrow. I hope you are enabled to cast your care upon Him who careth for you, and to leave the future with Him who remembereth that we are dust. Our faithless questioning hearts are so slow to confide implicitly and undoubtingly in Him who is the Father of our spirits, and so we toil along, surcharged with the burden He never intended us to carry. 'Let go, let go,' are words which often suggest themselves, as I fancy myself so like the mariner toiling and struggling in the stormy sea, lights going out, our crazy barque so nearly wrecked, and the port of rest far distant. 'He bringeth them to the desired haven,' and in His own time we too shall cast anchor, and our feet shall tread the sunny isles, and we shall swell the triumphant chorus of praise to Him who has guided us all our life long, who has been at the helm when we saw Him not."—*M. A. L.*

*To a friend on the loss of a pastor.*

"You must miss Mr. F—— very much, I am sure, and a loss like that is not one to be soon made up. 'All thy children shall be taught of God, and great shall be the peace of thy children.' Do you not find increasingly that the truths which are the dearest to your heart, the aspects and relationships in which Christ has been made known to

you, have not been manifested to you from any of man's teaching, but have been made yours in the varied experiences into which God's providence and Spirit have brought you? Everything that is most valuable has been brought home to the heart in those hours in which we act and think and bow to the Word as individuals,—God, as it were, taking us by the hand and leading us out in the night of sorrow and suffering, as He did Abraham, and then telling us of the covenant into which He has entered with us poor unworthy creatures. However He may see fit to dry up and divert the channel through which refreshing streams have flowed to us, this covenant is ordered in all things and sure. I have gone through so much conflict of late in many ways of which it would be impossible to speak, and I feel so sure the root principle with which God would deal is just this: Are we willing to hold everything in and for Him? to leave ourselves entirely and without reserve in His hands? to receive everything as from Him? to abound or to suffer need? Have you ever dwelt much on the Apostle's words in 2 Cor. vi., when he describes the Christian life in a character of which we know so little? 'As deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things. What a life! how we shrink from anything of such a cross! How hard it seems to go on and find everything to which we cling giving way before

us, every creature-confidence removed, or to realise its insufficiency ; to see through this present shifting scene, and find vanity written on everything ; nothing secure but God's covenant and promise ; nothing abiding save Him who ever liveth, who is from everlasting ; nothing that will not break from beneath us ; no resting-place for the sole of our foot. Nothing ; neither health nor kin, nor property nor character ; nothing upon which we can fasten and say, This shall stay with me. But, blessed be God, *the Rock moves not*. 'The rain descended, the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.' Is it not a beautiful setting forth of a Christian's security ?"—*M. A. L.*

"How I often wish for some experimental proof in my own case that the spirit is stronger than the body and can master it ! On the contrary, a few aches and pains completely master me. The time will come when our frames shall always prove ready and never-failing servants to the spirit ; when we shall rest not, but serve for ever. I often try to conceive what this will be, and have peculiar enjoyment in thinking of heaven in its aspect of life—fulness of life for perpetual growth, expansion, and service. Do you remember these lines of Tennyson ? they so express my feeling :

'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant ;  
'Tis life, not death, for which we pant ;  
More life, and fuller, that we want.'

“The remarks of your kind letter on the subject which is, I am sure, uppermost in your thoughts interested me deeply ; but, dear friend, I increasingly feel that no truth is ours, at least no truth bearing on the Christian life, that is not ours by having fed on it and experienced it in our individual history. In a particular sense, when dwelling on these topics, may it be said, ‘We can only speak of the things we have heard and seen ;’ and it seems to me that any mere opinion, any statement that is the result merely of an intellectual process, will not, and cannot, express the truth. The spiritual senses must have been exercised in these things ; we must have seen and handled the words of life, ere we are prepared to speak of them. And so, dear friend, I feel unfitted to enter upon this ground with you. God is teaching and leading you, and the very things which to you seem so discouraging, only prove the growth of spiritual life, so that you long to cast off everything contrary to this better nature, and the struggle perhaps may be like that of Samson spurning the withes with which he was bound. But, dear E——, of one thing I am sure, that the struggle foretells the victory ; that one who desires to be governed by God’s law, as the Psalmist says, shall be lifted up for ever ; that *just as* surely as by the law of gravitation the stone that is thrown into the air seeks and finds its centre in the earth, *so* shall the Christian who seeks his rest and portion *in* God, enjoy God as his portion and centre. It must be so ; that which comes from Him shall return to him, and that heart and those

affections and desires which turn from the world and rest only in God, shall ere long rest indeed in His presence, and never again oscillate, or vary between counter-attractions. I often think of an exquisite line I found in an old book which was in some imaginary description of a person raised high in the air, above smoke and mist, and enabled to breathe and see clearly. The words are forgotten with the exception of these in application,—that the Christian, however surrounded by mist now, will feel on entering heaven, ‘It is my native air; my renewed life can only fully live here.’ I am sure, dear, you feel that your heart is at rest in God, and nowhere else. You feel and know that this world and all it contains is not, and can never be, your portion, and that your friends are those who live and love Jesus; that nothing that does not bear the stamp of His approval, and consequently will be perpetual, can very highly engage your attention or interest. Then, dear E——, these things prove we are no longer ‘strangers or foreigners, but citizens of the New Jerusalem.’ God is our Father, or never could we have feelings which prompt us to say that here we feel far from home. This line of thought is one peculiarly encouraging, and it must be true—essentially, naturally true; it cannot be gainsayed. One of the most impressive thoughts that resulted from intercourse with my precious mother during her last days, was ripened into a conviction, then quite new to me, that there is in the very character and nature of the Christian life, hopes and aspirations, the promise and pledge of their fulfilment; and

it sometimes took this form: 'My mother speaks not concerning herself with certainty, but could sin, or Satan, or the world claim her? No; her heart responds to no claim but God's.' So, dear friend, is it with you; for however far you may sometimes fear that you come short, yet you acknowledge no sway but God's; it is your chief joy that you are His. 'I am Thine; save me.' In no spirit of dictation are these thoughts penned, but I thought perhaps your own mind might enlarge upon these simple suggestions, and derive much comfort and strength. I am sure it is a very fertile field."—*M. A. L., Feb. 1, 1854.*

"I believe God will in one way or another teach His children that their only strength is to leave *all* in His hands—*all* for the future. This has been one of the many lessons borne down upon me of late by a pressure of circumstances; and though I make but slow advance, I think I have now realised the great privilege of *casting*, and then *leaving* the whole burden with Him who alone is strong enough to bear it. Don't fear, dear friend. Whatever God may do, it is still a Father's hand and a Father's love that is guiding every step, that is pledged to perfect that which concerneth us. We ask Him to carry on His work, and then we shrink from the answers to our petitions when He takes us at our word."

"Your most affectionate greeting on New Year's day was specially prized, dear friend, as I was feeling peculiarly

lonely, and realising very acutely that I was in a strange place, and had been far removed by the storms of the past year from all that was most precious. It is a strange truth when one realises that this world is not our rest in any sense, and that we are only strangers and pilgrims here. I believe it is good to be taught this lesson, cost what it may; and it is a wonder that one should so shrink when the prospect of our eternal inheritance for ever rises as the sunny background of our prospects here."—*Feb.* 18, 1861.

"There is one sweetness in all partings, and I feel it more fully as the years roll on. Each separation and change is only bringing us nearer to the great family gathering. We shall reach home at last. Heaven is our fatherland; heaven is our home. There is an under-current of joy and gladness in every soul that has this hope. However dense the cloud, the silver lining comes out clearly when we look up, not down."—1860.

"What a mercy that we can look beyond the present; that our treasure, our hope, our true life is yet to come; that this fluctuating, evanescent scene is drifting us fast to the golden shores of perpetual repose and sunshine."

"It is easy to speak of the circumstances which colour and tinge the stream of existence, but who shall tell the strange process by which the inner life is being strengthened, disciplined, and refined? I wonder more and more each

year at the inner world of thought, feeling, hope, and aspiration; at the principle by which we appropriate all that assimilates to our nature, and cast off the uncongenial and distasteful. What an unspeakable mercy that Christ has found us, and given us to know that we are His, and that the close of another year only whispers that our salvation is nearer than when we believed! Of late this blessed truth seems to have shone so brightly as I have contrasted the Christian's hope with this changing scene. In the midst of this passing scene, and as we realise how rapidly we are hurrying on to the close of our short day on earth, the new life in its calm strength, its sober certainty of lasting bliss, its assurance that ere long our highest hope shall be more than realised, and our poor blighted humanity delivered from the bondage of corruption to the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Is it not indeed wonderful that such a day-spring hath visited us, and guided our feet into the way of peace? Oh, the sweetness too of the bond which gathers into one family *all* who are partakers of this hope! In the strength of this, may I wish you a very happy New Year, dear friend? for however necessary may be the cloud to temper our earthly comfort and prosperity, it shall break in blessings on our head, and shall be among the all things that work together for good."—*M. A. L.*, 1855.

"We are just beginning to settle down again to quiet home-routine for the winter, which will be richer than any previous one in recollections of verdure and varied beauty



enjoyed during the past season. Is there not, dear friend, a beautiful analogy between the living green tints, and richness of nature's summer robe, and the gushing freshness and power of a Christianity that is the product of immediate intercourse with the Fountain of Light and Life, while the naked withered boughs of winter speak of the form without the power, the skeleton Christianity which is powerless for good?"

"I very often crave for old friends and congenial society, but then there is such an untold rest in turning to God, the living God, and just believing that He will give us all the very, very best portion of earth, and then the rich fulness of the heavenly inheritance when He sees fit."—1861.

"I trust all your anxieties are hushed by the peace which Jesus gives. I seem of late to have had a fresh conviction that all the ways of the Lord are mercy and truth, and that God does safely and surely lead His children to a city which hath foundations, so that we need not fear the journey."

"How sweet it is to look beyond the present shifting scene to the reality and permanence which awaits us! to know that mutation is bearing us to the unchanging, and that outer and inner discords of this life shall ere long be resolved into the full and perfect harmonies of our 'Fatherland, our Home!' Do you not, dear friend, often long

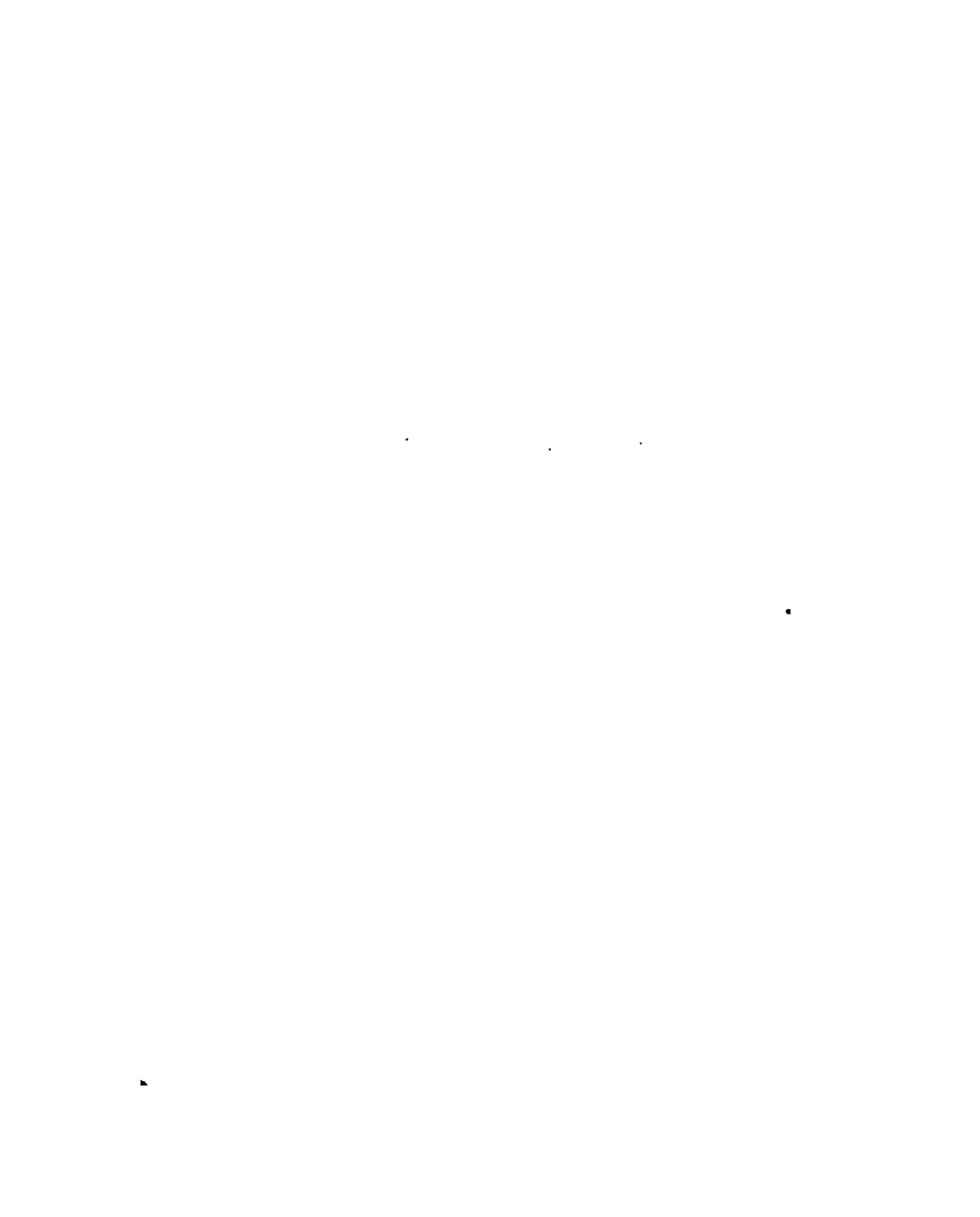
and thirst for the manifestation of the sons of God, for the deliverance of our entire being from this bondage of corruption? There is one consolation in this very sense of discord, this dissatisfaction with things, for it is an assurance that God *is* working in us, and bringing us into sympathy with a higher and holier state than this; and we can conceive that, notwithstanding our dull perceptions and our clouded vision, the day will come when we shall feel the atmosphere of heaven to be our native air, when its high and holy enjoyments shall be the only congenial ones for our purified spirits."

"There can be no doubt that God intended life to be a joyful service, an offering of thanksgiving as well as thanks-living, a conflict sustained throughout by the shout of victory, a deep, ever-welling peace that passeth understanding, keeping us undisturbed in the din, and strife, and confusion of life's pageant and vain show."

"It must be a great trial of faith to be beyond the reach of the soil you have cultivated, and not to see the fulfilment of your hope; but rely upon it, dear friend, your work will not be lost; it may be that others shall reap (for it is a great principle in this dispensation, that one soweth and another reapeth), and you may never know how much many may be indebted to the prayerful sowing of five years; yet there is no peradventure.

"Do you not think that the principle enforced in Heb.

xi. is capable of a far more general application to the pursuits and aspirations of life? 'These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and embraced them.' And so as one page after another of life's book opens to us, and disappointment, unreality, or change marks each line, and we turn with sickening weariness from ourselves and the circumstances of life, as we turn to analyse the strange complex mechanism of this mysterious being of ours, it may be both true and wise to reflect in some such manner as this. True, this work *seems* lost; but it was true work, and though accompanied with much infirmity, it was performed with sincerity and high purpose. And then as the uncongeniality of life with our higher nature and aspirations strikes us so painfully, we must only place the harmonising of all a little while before us. This aspiration meets nothing here to satisfy; the very being which is the product of God's Spirit seeks in vain for a congenial element. Truly this is not my rest; but I am persuaded that these aspirations are true. Fancy is not painting a fiction when it fills my future with scenes surpassing fable; this longing, thirsting, craving spirit is only a prophecy of what my nature is capable, when mortality is swallowed up of life. In one sense ours is a life of faith as much as that of the Patriarchs."—*M. A. L.*, 1858.



*HOURS OF RECREATION.*

“Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him.”—Col. iii. 7.

“And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord.”—Col. iii. 23.

“The living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.”—1 Tim. vi. 17.

“To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven.”—Eccles. iii. 1.

“The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.”—Psalm cxi. 2.

“If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend their days in prosperity, and their years in pleasures.”—Job xxxvi. 11.

“At Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.”—Psalm xvi. 11.

“On the seventh day He rested, and was refreshed.”—Exod. xxxi. 17.

“Come ye yourselves apart, and rest a while.”—Mark vi. 31.

## Hours of Recreation.

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“As sanctified to noblest ends  
Be each refreshment sought,  
And by each various providence  
Some wise instruction sought.”

—*Doddridge.*

“Said a dear old woman one bright winter’s day, when every twig and blade of grass were glistening with the hoar-frost, ‘I could na’ help kissing it, it was so lovely; and it was my Father’s work, ye know, bless His name!’”

“To join advantage to amusement, to gather profit with pleasure, is the wise man’s necessary aim when he lieth in the shade of recreation.”

“His pleasures were as melodies from reeds.  
Sweet looks, deep music, and unselfish deeds,  
Finding immortal flowers in human needs.”

“Would you judge of the lawfulness, or unlawfulness of

pleasure? take this rule : whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things,—*that* thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself.”—*Mrs. Wesley.*

“ Let none doubt that time devoted within proper limits to innocent and healthy recreation is spent in the service of God. Nay, it is an absolute duty which He has laid upon us, by those laws of Nature with which He has surrounded our being, and which we cannot disregard without disobedience to Him, and suffering to ourselves. Indeed, we go so far as to say that time devoted to work of any kind which ought to be given to recreation, or rest of mind and body, is wasted in the fullest sense of the word. Only let us see that our recreation is, as the word itself means, confined to what will really re-create or renew our wearied energies, and does not involve excitement of mind, late hours, or anything unbecoming a Christian who desires to seek God's glory in this as in everything else.”—*Rev. E. Boys.*

“ These summer holidays are precious seasons. What a real privilege it is to come and see the wonderful works of God which He has laid up in remote parts of our island ! I have seldom been more conscious of this than yesterday, as I stood on the margin of a sweet little lake enclosed by gigantic mountains. *They* stood broad and



high, bold and defiant, silent and unchangeable ; and *it* lay serenely within them, like the Church of God in the keeping of her Saviour, or like you, my friend, in the arms of Power and Love, which ever embrace you. And as it lay there it was gently rippled by the breeze, and then was smooth as a mirror. I observed that only when it was smooth could it reflect the grand environment of mountains in its waters ; and we best receive, and best show the image of God when we lie most quietly in His hands. I looked closer, and saw that expanse of clear, quiet water was the dwelling-place of life ; fish floated there innumerable, and through the crystal water I discerned a forest of plants of various form. So is there in the Church of God, so in your soul, more of life and beauty than at first appears. Depend upon it, the strong thirst for God which we have, and all the outgoing of our souls towards truth and goodness, could not result from a feeble work within us. God *has* given us His Holy Spirit, and in a sense we are already full of the Holy Ghost. He is in us in all His grace and power, and we shall find our wretched natures more and more compassed and controlled by Him.”—*Rev. S. Hebditch.*

“ Mine is a busy idleness ! We have been much on the move, and yet I seem to do nothing. Packing, consulting guide-books, engaging porters and drivers, and going hither and thither, ‘doing’ certain places ; all this is very pleasant, but I can hardly suppress the conviction that I

am idle. And yet we do indeed see much ; the eye is not idle, and there is plenty of material for great mental activity. God is almost visible about us ; the great mountains are 'about us for ever,' as Jonah would say. We travel and travel, and yet they are still before us, silent, impressive, magnificent witnesses for God.

"This morning, soon after five, the sun was playing with them in a manner becoming such venerable merry-makers ! He smiled and they smiled ; he frowned and their countenances immediately fell. The clouds floated to and away, up to their summits, and down their sides, and waggishly flung a whole fulness of water upon them. The mountains did not mind the joke, but good-naturedly sent it all back to the sea, to rise in vapour and fall in rain again ; and then they greeted the sun once more, and asked him to take their part, and bless them with his beams ! All along the bases of these mountains lay the lovely waters over which we were gliding, and everything told how great, how wise, how good God is ! The distant peaks and slopes looked solemn and mysterious in the mist, and the summits, cloud-capped, refused to show their full altitude. So truth hides its height and vastness, its outline and its connections, from finite minds ; but the ascending sun clears up all, and reveals the hidden, and shows the vast, and beautifies all. So as God shows forth more and more His Word, the facts of His providence will be better understood, and in His light we shall see light. I only wish you could go and see and enjoy as we

do; but it is only a question of time. 'Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.' The new heavens and the new earth you will certainly explore."—*Rev. S. Hebditch.*

"This morning I gathered a quantity of fruit—raspberries and currants. The variety and profusion of God's gifts seemed to strike me more than ever, and I could not help thinking how entirely we fail to bring forth fruit unto perfection; how rarely even we seem to bring forth much fruit, but rest satisfied with a meagre produce of only one kind, instead of seeking to be like a garden well stocked with all kinds of produce. Surely this wondrous nature of ours might be as fertile a soil as that on which we tread. Surely a consecrated mind and consecrated affections might display a garden of fruits and flowers, which should speak to the beholder of God's manifold gifts, rather than prompt the frequent utterance, 'How withered and dry are God's children!' Only think of the fruits of the Spirit! What a catalogue! Fruit always in season, which might be partaken of with refreshing by all who come within the circle of our influence. Love! who does not know the magical confidence which puts to flight our trembling shyness, and misgiving in the presence of one who embodies this essential of Christian character in a lively form, who has appreciated so much of his Master's spirit that the words of the apostle describe him: 'Not he, but Christ liveth in him?' How refreshing this fruit! how

we delight to come within the influence which seems to widen our own narrow nature, and leads us to embrace with conscious interest and practical affection those who before were to us as though they had not been!"—  
*M. A. L.*

*HOURS OF JOY.*

"All my fresh springs are in Thee."—Psalm lxxxvii. 7.

"Thou hast put gladness in my heart."—Psalm iv. 7.

"Behold My servants shall sing for joy of heart."—Isaiah lxxv. 14.

"The joy of the Lord is your strength."—Neh. viii. 10.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Psalm cxxvi. 5.

"My mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips."—Psalm lxxiii. 5.

"The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord."—Isaiah xxix. 19.

"Let the Lord be glorified : He shall appear to your joy."—Isaiah lxvi. 5.

"God giveth to a man that is good in His sight wisdom, and knowledge, and joy."—Eccles. ii. 26.

"Thou shalt make me full of joy with Thy countenance."—Acts ii. 28.

"My soul shall be joyful in the Lord : it shall rejoice in His salvation."—Psalm xxxv. 9.

"Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness, and let Thy saints shout for joy."—Psalm cxxxii. 9.

"I will also clothe her priests with salvation, and her saints *shall shout aloud* for joy."—Psalm cxxiii. 16.

"These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."—John xv. 11.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy : at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Psalm xvi. 11.

## Hours of Joy.



“SOURCE of all that comforts me,  
Well of joy for which I long;  
Let the song I sing to thee  
Be an everlasting song.”—*A. L. Waring.*

“The well of joy always springs up by the altar of self-sacrifice: if the altar be pulled down, its stones will soon fill the well, and it will dry up.”

“Always remember that the great source of joy and comfort is God Himself.”

“My joys to Thee I bring,  
The joys Thy love hath given,  
That each may be a wing,  
To lift me nearer heaven.  
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,  
For Thou hast purchased all for me.”  
—*F. R. Havergal.*

“ If we are to have Christ’s joy, we must go where He went to find it; and where was that? In God: in the will of God and in the work of God. His lips say little of His joy in God, but His life says much. His wish for us is joy in fulness, that is, joy in flower. They know little of Jesus who think of Him as other than desirous of our deepest delight. ‘ A joy unspeakable and full of glory ’ need never leave us.”—*Rev. J. Figgis.*



*HOURS OF SORROW.*

"And ye now therefore have sorrow : but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."  
—John xvi. 22.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation : but be of good cheer : I have overcome the world."—John xvi. 33.

"In me . . . Peace."—John xvi. 33.

"I know their sorrows."—Exod. iii. 7.

"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."—Isaiah liii. 3.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."—Isaiah liii. 4.

"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations, knowing this, that the trial of your faith worketh patience."—James i. 2, 3.

"Now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations, that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—1 Peter i. 6, 7.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee : when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."—Isaiah xliii. 2.

"As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."—2 Cor. vi. 10.

## Hours of Sorrow.

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“THE time will come when we shall thank God far more for our sorrows than for our joys. God is very rich, and it does not cost Him much to give us joy; but He is a loving Father, and it gives Him pain to grieve us. ‘He doth not willingly afflict (from His heart) nor grieve the children of men’ (Lam. iii. 33).”—*Rev. A. Thomas.*

“Never doubt in the dark that which thou hast seen in the light.”

“We cannot get true metal without fire.”

“One taste of Eschol’s grapes is over-payment  
For every bitter herb around my tent.”

“A holy man who was earnestly seeking patience to bear his cross once seemed to hear his Lord’s voice saying, ‘I love thee far better than thou lovest thyself, and I could deliver thee from this cross, but nevertheless I do

not; the patient heart to bear awhile is truly a greater blessing than deliverance."

"From despondency in the hour of trial,  
From doubting Thy love in the hiding of Thy face,  
From mistrust of Thy help in difficulty,  
O Jesus, deliver me."  
—"Weariness," by L. S. Lear.

#### SCHOOL-LIFE.

I sat in the school of sorrow,  
The Master was teaching there;  
But my eyes were dim with weeping,  
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upward  
And seeing His face divine,  
So full of the tenderest pity  
For weary hearts like mine,

I only thought of the burden,  
The cross that before me lay,  
So hard and heavy to carry,  
That it darkened the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,  
And say, "Thy will be done,"

And the Master came not near me  
As the weary hours went on.

At last, in my heavy sorrow,  
I looked from the cross above,  
And I saw the Master watching  
With a glance of tender love.

He turned to the cross before me,  
And I thought I heard Him say,  
“My child, thou must bear thy burden,  
And learn thy task to-day.

“I may not tell the reason,  
’Tis enough for thee to know  
That I, the Master, am teaching,  
And give this cup of woe.”

So I stooped to that weary sorrow ;  
One look at that Face divine  
Had given me power to trust Him,  
And say, “Thy will, not mine.”

And thus I learnt my lesson,  
Taught by the Master alone ;  
He only knows the tears I shed,  
For He has wept His own.

But from them came a brightness  
Straight from the *Home* above,  
Where the school-life will be ended,  
And the cross will show the love.

—*E. A. Godwin.*

“EVEN SO, LORD JESUS.”

Yet one more whisper of Thy Name,  
A whisper low and deep,  
A something that the heart would fain  
As its own secret keep,

But yet must tell from pure amaze  
At Thy long-suffering grace,  
That overflows our deepest needs,  
And sweeps away all trace

Of bitterness from out our griefs,  
That unbelief has made.  
Can grief be *bitter* when we know  
It is but joy delayed :—

Joy set apart, that it may grow  
Unto a height of bliss,  
And beauty in that other world,  
It could not reach in this ?

And while it grows, above all fear  
Of danger or of sin,  
The Lord by grief expands our hearts  
To take new blessing in.

Lord, fill our chasms with Thyself,  
For Thou all loss hast measured ;  
Yea, fill us fuller of Thyself,—  
In Thee all gain is treasured.

But we are weak, and toss about  
For something that shall ease us ;  
Then come and win from out our hearts  
An " Even so, Lord Jesus ! "

—*By special permission from the " Name  
of Jesus, and other Poems," by C.  
M. Noel.*

" Our faith is not tied to time. If we are in the fire to-night, and we are trusting in God, our faith does not mean that we expect to come forth from the furnace at this very hour. Nay, we may not come out to-night, nor to-morrow, nor next month ; it may be, not for years. We do not tie God down to conditions, and expect Him to do this or that, and then, if He does not in His wisdom see fit to do it, threaten that we will trust Him no more. The very worst we could do, would be to make the Eternal God a slave to time, as though He must do everything at our bidding, and measure His divine movements by the ticking of a clock. The Lord did deliver His Son Jesus Christ, but

He suffered Him to die first. He was put into the grave before He was uplifted from the power of death ; and if it had not been that He died and lay in the tomb, He could not have had the splendid deliverance which His Father did vouchsafe Him when He raised Him again from the dead ; had He not yielded to *death*, there could have been no resurrection for Him, or for us. So, beloved, it may be God has not effected His purpose with you yet, nor has He quite prepared you for the height of blessing to which He has ordained you. Receive what He is going to give you, and take gratefully the painful preliminaries. High palaces must have deep foundations, and it takes a long time to excavate a human soul so deep, that God can build a gorgeous palace of grace therein. If it be a mere cottage that the Lord is to build in you, you may escape with small troubles ; but if He be going to make you a palace to glorify Himself withal, then you may expect to have big trials. Coarse pottery needs not the laborious processes which must be endured by superior vessels. Iron which is to become a sword for a hero, must know more of the fire than the metal which lies upon the road as a rail. Your eminence in grace can only come by affliction. Will you not have trust in God if severe trials are ordained for you ? Yes, of course you will. The Holy Spirit will be the all-sufficient Helper of your infirmities. I say it is a misrepresentation, if we limit the Holy One of Israel to any form for our deliverance, or to any time for our deliverance.”—*C. H. Spurgeon.*



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“It is a comfort to know that nothing is a surprise to God. And as He sees all things, so He makes due provision for every crisis. You may be sure God will not fail you. Have you not found that Christians *in* trial are always less distressed than they expected to be? Anticipation generally outruns fact. We are often quite wrong in our calculations; the things we fear do not often come upon us, and when they do, they are not so dreadful as unbelief painted them. In any case, my dear friend, you have God for your portion; and if He should give you a deeper insight into the wealth of that position, you will in the end thank Him for it, whatever means He may employ: this I feel to be the very highest lesson we can set ourselves to learn. ‘The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him.’ Do not fear; your Father will not fail you; and your desire to believe and trust is trust. If the worst should come, you know the best guarantees remain. God’s promises admit of no depreciation in value; and He Himself, as you say, is your portion. God is going to give you more than He has taken away. God always enriches, never impoverishes His people. A hundredfold is the scale, Jesus says, in which God gives in return for what He takes, and you will find the promise true. God will come near to you; He will enable you to see new and richer meaning in the word Father; and there is no joy comparable to that of filial trust. This cloud darkens only your temporal vision; your true riches remain, and the Everlasting God is thy refuge. ‘He hath

said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."—*Rev. S. Hebditch.*

"Don't seek a rest on earth. Don't seek a heaven here in any possible order of circumstances. There is no rest on earth but where John found it, in the bosom of the Lord Jesus. Don't attempt to cast anchor among the breakers, but let this be your comfort, that the last wave that beats on your weather-beaten vessel, will carry it on its bosom safely into the haven of everlasting peace."—*E. C.*

"In a little while our sorrows and trials shall be over, and then when we enter heaven we shall be congratulated on every side, that we have been so often in the path of the 'Man of Sorrows.' We read that Jesus bade the disciples 'leap for joy' because they shared in the treatment of ancient prophets; how much more should we leap for joy to be conformed on earth to our blessed Lord, who was 'made perfect through suffering'?"—*E. C.*

"Let us wait on the Lord alone, and live by the day, and allow no foreboding feelings to enter or be cherished. 'God is love,' and He will fulfil to you all that beautiful promise in the 90th Psalm: 'Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us.' Here we perceive that present sanctified suffering, is the index to the amount of future blessedness."—*E. C.*

"All the trials and sorrows of God's children are shadows of great blessings."

"Lord, when the flail of affliction strikes me, let me not be like the chaff that flies in Thy face, but like the grain that falls at Thy feet."—*P. Henry.*

"My child, I love thee too well to give thee thy way."

"OUR LIGHT AFFLICTION."

"Lord, dost thou call this our affliction 'light' ?  
Is all this anguish little in Thy sight ?"

"Child, bring thy balance out. Put in one scale  
All these afflictions ; give them in full tale ;  
All thy bereavements, grievances, and fears ;  
Then add the utmost limit of man's years.  
Now put My Cross into the other side,  
That which I suffered, when I lived and died."

"I cannot, Lord ; it is beyond my might :  
And lo ! my sorrows are gone out of sight !"

"Then try another way. Put in the scale  
The glory now unseen behind the Veil,  
The glory given to be thine own estate ;  
Use that 'exceeding and eternal weight.'  
Which kicks the beam ?"

"Ah ! Lord, Thy word is right ;  
Thus weighed, my sorrow doth indeed seem 'light.'"

—*By special permission from "Name of Jesus,  
and other Poems," by C. M. Noel.*

“It is inexpressibly sweet to know that the human heart of Christ is full of sympathy for His afflicted ones, and that He comforts them as none else can, and teaches them deep lessons of divine precious truth, which they could not otherwise learn ; and so, dear friend, I can commend you to Him, assured that you will be safe and happy in His tender keeping.”—*H. W. O.*

“Let me give you this precious text in Isaiah xxxii. 2, ‘And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest ; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.’ Would it not be well for us to use these words thus ?—Find out all the ‘winds’ and ‘tempests’ to which we are exposed in this life, and in none shall we be able to say, ‘There is no hiding-place from this ; there is no covert from this storm.’ No ! in all our trials from within, or from without, Jesus is our Refuge, ‘a very present help.’ Then, further, let us think of all the dry places through which we have to pass, the many lands we have to journey over. In every place there is a well of water ; in the most scorching heat there is a shadow to be found. Then think of the many streams there, as well as the great well-spring ; of the many little rocks under which we may shelter. ‘A man !’ he who knows what exposure to storm and to trial is, who knows what journeying in dry places, and through weary lands is ; and as man He feels with and for us, for He has felt the same. But He is God-man. He is true to His promises, and

able to do for us far more than we ask or think. Oh, for ten thousand tongues to praise Him!"—*E. H.*

"The awakening of *all past* sorrows through this great trial is such bitterness, and perhaps the hardest to bear; it makes one so sadly weary and heart-sick and lonely. But our dear loving Father is not dealing in anger, but in great love and mercy; only we like to see, instead of walking by faith. Oh, how we should trust and thank Him if the veil were removed, and we had a glimpse of His merciful purpose towards us! But that must not be, because then our faith would have no exercise. 'And the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold which perisheth,' shall henceforth appear to the praise and glory of God. I am so sure that great good shall flow to you through this channel of sorrow (for is it not a wide one?), that whilst I deeply sympathise with you, I long to have a word of comfort given to me for you, to cheer you through the gloom, until the sunshine shall pierce it once more. Is not this a sweet word, 'Lo, I am with you always?' and do not our richest consolations abound *the most* when completely shut in with our dear Master, when in His *secret place* our soul *alone* with Him holds communion, and pours out every sorrow and every joy into His never-weary ear? And He loves us so, that to have more of this, He cuts off one by one our earthly springs."—*May.*

"How we cling to those who have known us and ours,

our life and history ; especially as we get older, and contemporaries become fewer and fewer ! It is beautiful, and healing, and soothing to turn from these desolations to Jesus, to lean on His bosom, to tell Him all, and feast in His sympathy, and be braced by His love and life, to go again, and endure and do, till our discipline is finished, and God says of His new creation *in us*, ‘ It is very good,’ and we wake up in His likeness satisfied.”—*J. E. H.* .

“ Whatever of the mere earthly you lose, God is bringing out *His* treasures for you. He gives you what He values most, and thus proves His love to you.”—*J. E. H.*

I have been feeling so much for you, dear friend, this Christmas, when thinking how sorely you must miss your beloved sister ; but you are very near to each other, for she is resting in the bosom of Jesus, and you are sitting at His feet. Think how near you must be !”—*F. L.*

“ It was not him they left  
In the grave’s cloister sealed !  
That was his shadow—he had soared away  
Where welcomes pealed.

He is at rest with Thee ;  
And though no tidings come  
From out that region very far away,  
It is our Home.

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Yes, yes ! he is with Thee—  
But Thou art with me too ;  
Then must the distances that 'twixt us lie  
Be very few."

—*From the "Name of Jesus, and other  
Poems," by C. M. Noel.*

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*HOURS OF SICKNESS.*

“The Lord will strength him upon the bed of languishing : Thou wilt make (or turn) all his bed in his sickness.”—Psalm xli. 3.

“My flesh and my heart faileth ; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.”—Psalm lxxiii. 26.

“Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord.”—Psalm xciv. 12.

“Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth ; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty ; for He maketh sore, and bindeth up : He woundeth, and His hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles ; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.”—Job v. 17–19.

“The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.”—Deut. xxxiii. 27.

“My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”—2 Cor. xii. 9.

“For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons. He (chastens) for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.”—Heb. xii. 6–11.

## Hours of Sickness.



“O God, that bed which Thou hast made, give Thy child a contented heart to lie on.”

“A great sufferer once playfully likened the sorrows of her life to a golden hailstorm. Who would not endure that gladly, and make haste to pick up as many as possible of these stinging missiles?”—*L. S. Lear.*

“The hope full of immortality may well lighten the pressure of these frail, sensitive suffering frames; for our capacity of pain on the one hand, tells a wondrous tale as to the possibilities of joy and satisfaction and overflowing life, when the great Master Builder shall remould us. ‘Waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body,’ are no meaningless words to those whose frailty writes a check even upon those healthy channels of natural enjoyment which are common to all natures, as well as to many that are peculiarly the portion of God’s children.”—*M. A. L.*

“Christian matriculation here is the course of many a suffering Christian. His school is a sick body ; his period of study, a lifetime ; his lectures, pains ; his humours, great tribulation ; his exercises, patience ; but his prize, heaven.”

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

“ I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
From Thine own hand ;  
The strength to bear it bravely  
Thou wilt command.  
I am too weak for effort,  
So let me rest,  
In hush of sweet submission,  
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
As proof indeed  
That Thou art watching closely  
My truest need ;  
That Thou, my Good Physician,  
Art watching still ;  
That all Thine own good pleasure  
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
Which Thou dost choose ;  
The soul that really loves Thee  
Will not refuse.

It is not for the first time  
I trust to-day ;  
For Thee my heart has never  
A trustless "Nay."

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
But what beside ?  
'Tis no unmingled portion  
Thou dost provide.  
In every hour of faintness  
My cup runs o'er  
With faithfulness and mercy  
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
As Thine own gift,  
And true though tremulous praises  
I now uplift.  
I am too weak to sing them,  
But thou dost hear  
The whisper from the pillow,—  
"Thou art so near!"

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour,  
That presseth sore  
The hand that bears the nail-prints  
For evermore.

And now beneath its shadow,  
 Hidden by Thee,  
 The pressure only tells me  
 Thou lovest me."—*F. R. Havergal.*

"During a season of extreme suffering a friend remarked to H——, 'It is hard to see you suffer so.' She replied, 'Nothing can be hard that my loving Father sends me; it may be painful, but not hard. If you love me, never use that word of anything *my Father* does again.' At another time her friend said, 'It is just wonderful how you bear up so patiently.' She replied, 'I thought you believed the promises, "As thy days so shall thy strength be;" "My grace is sufficient for thee." And if you do believe them, why do you think it wonderful when my Father is true to His promises?' On another occasion, the breathing being less difficult, it was remarked, 'That is a drop of comfort in the midst of your suffering.' She replied, '*Drop* of comfort! O don't speak of drops of comfort; my Father gives me *waves* of comfort. He has loved me with an everlasting love.'"—*H. G.*

"From fretting under suffering,  
 From impatiently seeking relief,  
 From over-eagerness for human sympathy,  
 From ever doubting Thy perfect sympathy,  
 By Thy love, which endured so much for us,  
 Deliver me, Lord Jesus."  
 —"*Weariness*," by *S. L. Lear.*

**WEARINESS.**

“ O Pain perpetual ! wearing strength away,  
While spirits flag and fail,  
And all the many-coloured hues of life  
Have faded and grown pale.

O thoughts unwedded to the deeds ye seek !  
Life that all fruitless seems—  
Long dull inaction, yet without repose ;  
All feeling, fear, and dreams !

’Tis thine infirmity, impatient soul ;  
Remember now the years  
That are at God’s right Hand, and cast away  
Thy grievances and fears.

Think of the infinite abyss of peace  
In which thy lot shall be,  
Where ages are but ripples that run o’er  
Eternity’s deep Sea.

Give thou God leisure to prepare thee for  
That destiny sublime,  
When e’en with lifeless things His Hand works on,  
Unheeding space and time.

Listen ! borne inland from the rocky coast,  
Comes the wild voice of waves,  
Which for uncounted centuries have toiled  
Among the deep sea-caves.

This ray from yon fair star, serenely bright,  
Now broken in thy tears,  
Had travelled onward, ere it reached thine eyes,  
For sixty thousand years !

When times and spaces of such vast extent  
Before thy thoughts combine,  
Into a momentary pang shrinks up  
This long, long pain of thine.

Then if thy weary heart recoils and faints  
At such high wondrous ways,  
Turn where the great Creator bears a life  
Which thou canst count by days.

A few hours' Agony the Bloody Sweat  
From that shrunk form has wrung ;  
And a few more have brought Him to the Cross,  
To die when He was young.

Strive thou in soul to sympathise with Him,  
The infinitely great ;  
For He has stooped to understand and share  
The weakness of thy state.



Give thanks the Lord is patient ; He will work  
A perfect work in thee,  
And grudge no time to make thee fit to bear  
Joy for Eternity."

—*By special permission from "Name  
of Jesus, and other Poems," by  
C. M. Noel.*

"A royal sufferer of former days, when asked how she was, used to reply, 'Very well, for I am fulfilling my Father's will.'"

"You would gird yourself to a great vocation ! realise that God has called you to the vocation of daily suffering, which does not look great, and take it in the same spirit. The thorn-crowned head must needs have pain-stricken members. If you saw Him laying a *visible* pain upon you, you think you would bow in almost joyful acquiescence. You do not see with your earthly vision, but you know as surely as though you saw, that it is His hand which lays your present suffering upon you, that 'dear hand once pierced for you.'"—*S. L. Lear, "Weariness."*

"I believe that Thou wilt come at last, and salvation is in Thy hand. To Thee belong the issues of death. Even Thy rod shall bud and blossom ; and I will look out to see the return of my long prayers, and how Thou wilt sanctify and sweeten this affliction, and make it turn to my soul's good.

‘It shall be well.’ I see so much of Thee in the appointing, ordering, and continuing this trial, that I am sure the end will be peace. ‘It shall be well if Thou remove Thy hand.’ It hath been a *prayed* mercy ; therefore, come when it will, it will be sweet. It shall be well if Thou continue this trial. I shall lose the more dross, and my graces be purer and fuller for exercise in the service of a holy God. And it shall be well if it be never removed ; for, Lord, so as I get safe to glory, Thou shalt choose the way. O my God, always choose for me, and spare not the rod at Thy child’s crying. Though this frame should not always abide, I have now living, precious, increasing comforts, and Thou givest not these for nothing. Continue my interest in them, I beseech Thee ; and whatever else Thou takest from me, leave me Thyself.”

#### A PARABLE FROM NATURE.

“A curious little incident happened lately during a time of prolonged sickness. At the close of a very dark and gloomy day, I lay resting on my couch as the deeper night drew on, and though all was bright within my cosy little room, some of the external darkness seemed to have entered my soul and obscured its spiritual vision. Verily I tried to see the hand which I knew held mine, and guided my fog-enveloped feet along a steep and slippery path of suffering. In sorrow of heart I asked, ‘Why does my Lord thus deal with His child? Why does He so often send sharp and

bitter pain to visit me? Why does He permit lingering weakness to hinder the sweet service I long to render to His poor servants?' These fretful questions were quickly answered, and though in a strange language, no interpreter was needed save the conscious whisper of my own heart. For awhile silence reigned in the little room, broken only by the crackling of the oak-log burning on the hearth. Suddenly I heard a sweet soft sound, a little, clear, musical note, like the tender note of a robin beneath my window. 'What *can* that be?' I said to my companion, who was dozing in the firelight; 'surely no bird can be singing out there at this time of the year and night!' We listened, and again heard the faint plaintive note, so sweet, so melodious, yet mysterious enough to provoke for a moment our undisguised wonder. Presently my friend exclaimed, 'It comes from the log on the fire!' and we soon ascertained that her surprised assertion was correct. The fire was letting loose the imprisoned music from the old oak's inmost heart! Perchance he had garnered up this song in the days when all went well with him, when birds twittered merrily in his branches and the soft sunlight flecked his tender leaves with gold; but he had grown old since then, and hardened; ring after ring of knotty growth had sealed up the long-forgotten melody, until the fierce tongues of the flames came to consume his callousness, and the vehement heat of the fire wrung from him at once a song and a sacrifice. 'Ah!' thought I, 'when the fire of affliction draws songs of praise from us, then indeed are we

purified and our God is glorified.' Perhaps some of us are like this old oak-log, cold, hard, and insensible ; we should give forth no melodious sounds were it not for the *fire* which kindles round us, and releases tender notes of trust in Him and cheerful compliance with His will. 'As I mused, the fire burned,' and my soul found sweet comfort in the parable so strangely set forth before me. Singing in the fire ! Yes ; God helping us, if that is the only way to get harmony out of these hard, apathetic hearts, let the furnace be heated seven times hotter than before."—*Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon.*

"Thou art too weak to pray ? then, spirit, rest :  
Lie where St. John lay, on thy Master's breast ;  
He knows thy weakness, understands each sigh,  
The yearnings of thy heart, its voiceless cry.  
A child who knows not why nor whence its pains,  
But meekly lies, and frets not nor complains,  
Is as a dewy flower, that breathes at even  
A perfume sweet into the heart of heaven.  
Lie childlike thou, and ask not whence nor why ;  
Lie still, and hear thy Saviour's lullaby."

—From "*Name of Jesus, and other Poems,*"  
by C. M. Noel.

*INTERCOURSE WITH FRIENDS.*

"I am a companion of all them that fear Thee, and of them that keep Thy precepts."—Psalm cxix. 63.

"Let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth."—1 John iii. 19.

"That we might be fellow-helpers to the truth."—3 John 8.

"Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another."—Rom. xiv. 19.

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. . . . Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification. . . . For even Christ pleased not Himself."—Rom. xv. 1-3.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—Gal. vi. 2.

"Speaking the truth in love."—Eph. iv. 15.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend."—Prov. xxvii. 6.

"Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt."—Col. iv. 6.

"Epaphras, a servant of Christ, saluteth you, always labouring fervently for you in prayers, that ye may stand perfect and complete in the will of God."—Col. iv. 12.

"And the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends."—Job xlii. 10.

"Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart: so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel. . . . Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not."—Prov. xxvii. 9, 10.

## Intercourse with Friends.



“FRIENDS are the golden pipes through which God’s blessings often flow to us ; so we may safely rejoice to receive *through* them, so long as we do not rest *in* them.”—C. A. S.

“The pleasure we have in ministering to those we love is the re-watering promised : ‘He that watereth shall be watered also himself.’”—C. A. S.

“Never go to bed at night without being able to recall some act of kindness, great or small as it may be, done to another.”

“I believe the meeting of two Christians in whom the Spirit graciously dwells, unlocks that spirit in both of them as electricity sets electricity free. Christians should all be conductors of Christ, and thus know each other with the knowledge of Him. May we know more and more of that blessed grace which deepens conversation into communion, intercourse into fellowship, acquaintance into sympathy.”

“ When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,  
And all the flowers of life unfold,  
Let not my heart within me burn  
Except in all I Thee discern.”

—*Keble.*

“ ‘ Did Mr. P—— speak to you ? ’ was asked of a child.  
‘ No,’ was the reply, ‘ but he *beamed* on me.’ ”

“ One great truth has been repeatedly brought before me with much force and freshness—the individual responsibility of Christians. Associations may help to promote the cause of Christ, but every Christian is bound to be a missionary, to seek by every means in his power to bring those around him to the knowledge of the truth. We are not our own, we are ‘ bought with a price ; ’ and the language of our hearts should be, ‘ For me to live is Christ ; henceforth I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.’ ”—*M. A. L.*

“ I have been much enjoying the realisation of the family bond, and looking forward to the Father’s house as the meeting-place of all that is pure and permanent, and beautiful and blest, and true and real. If poor bereaved ones could dwell more on this blessed privilege, both present and future, we should not sorrow or feel as lonely as we do. Even now, one family we dwell in Him, one with all that have gone before, and all that shall yet be gathered in Him. I do long that this blessed truth shall



live in my life and practice ; that I may know my fellows more and more after the Spirit ; that the distinctions of birth, position, education, so fortuitous and temporary, may be less and less regarded by me. May I remember that nothing is great that is not good, no one well-born who is not born of God ; that no pursuit is refined and elevating that is in any sense contrary to the spirit of Christ, and that no pursuit can be worthy of a rational being which we may not carry forward in good hope, even when looking into another state than this. How this would raise us from paltry grovelling cares if we rejected the perishable, and clung to the enduring ! I must love ; let me seek to love God with all my heart and soul, and strength and mind, and my neighbour as myself, and all His children as my brethren and sisters. I must live from one or other of two motives,—either to glorify myself, or Christ : let me live to His glory, and be crucified with Him ; live to Him in ministering to His children, in doing His work, and striving to catch His spirit, and tracing His steps. I must hunger and thirst ; let it be for the light of His countenance, for the ‘bread and water of life,’ for the ‘hidden manna’ and ‘white stone,’ for a knowledge of His secret and His covenant, for such a revelation of Jesus as shall change me into the same image, even as by the Spirit of the Lord, for the unction from the Holy One, whereby we know all things. I must admire ; let my admiration be set upon objects that are worthy,—all that God has made in this beautiful world, the earth, and sky, and sea, and

woods, and flowers, and all that is genuine and true everywhere, and the fruit of His Spirit in His children. I must hope ; let me seek to say with the Psalmist, ‘ My hope is in Thee ; ’ let me seek to carry all my chief hopes into the future and immortalise them there, so that the storms of life shall only bring me nearer the fruition of life’s promises. Life and death are daily working within me of necessity ; let me die to self, to worldliness, to vanity, to all that is grovelling, false, factitious, hollow ; all mere semblances, all worldly motives, maxims, aims, hopes, and thoughts, and live to God by living to all that is true, and real, and permanent ; all that is lovely and of good report ; all that will glorify Christ and bless my fellow-man ; all that will give safe and true pleasure, and help in the journey heavenward, or, in apostolic language, ‘ For me to live is Christ ; ’ ‘ Henceforth I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. ’ ”—*M. A. L.*

“ Let us ask ourselves at night, ‘ Have I by any heedlessness, or impatience, or want of consideration led my brother to offend this day ? ’ ”

“ We need not apologise for speaking God’s truth to those who know Him not, unless we shrink from being recognised as His servants ; and surely to be known as His, not merely by name, but for our work’s sake, is dignity indeed ! ‘ And they departed, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name. ’ Oh,

for this spirit! We are so timid because we do not lose sight of ourselves. If we could forget self, and merely pray that God would use us, that His life would pervade us as channels through which His truth might flow, we should not be anxious or disappointed if persons were not drawn to us.”—*M. A. L.*

“ ‘ Her voice, her countenance, her words, her demeanour impressed me as Christian, more almost than those of any other individual,’ wrote a minister of one who has long since gone home.”

“ At a very early age I discovered how much suffering might be inflicted by an individual. My poor timid spirit bent under it, and through life I have implored God to keep me from ever wounding or hurting the feelings of any one, and that it might be my privilege to smooth and brighten the path of others.”—*S. L.*

“ Our general conduct should reveal our faith. The whole of our life should show that we are men who rejoice in the Lord ; for trusting in the Lord, as I understand it, is not a thing for Sundays and for places of worship alone : we are to trust in the Lord about everything. If I trust the Lord about my soul, I must trust Him about my body, about my wife, about my children, and all my domestic and business affairs. It would have been a terrible thing if the Lord had drawn a black line around our religious

life, and had said, 'You may trust Me about that; but with household matters I will have nothing to do.' We need the whole of life to be within the ring-fence of divine care. The perfect bond of divine love must tie up the whole bundle of our offerings, or the whole will slip away. Faith is a thing for the closet, and the parlour, and the counting-house, and the farmhouse; it is a *light* for dark days, and a *shade* for bright days. You must carry it with you everywhere, and everywhere it shall be your help. Oh that we did so trust in the Lord that people noticed it as much as they notice our temper, our dress, or our tone! The pity is that too often we go forward helter-skelter, following our own wisdom, whereas we ought to say, 'No, I must wait a little while till I ask counsel of the Lord.' It should be seen and known that we are distinctly *waiting* upon God for guidance. What a stir this would make in some quarters! I wish that, without any desire to be Pharisaical, or to display our piety, we nevertheless did unconsciously show the great principle which governs us. Just as one man will say, 'Excuse me, I must consult a friend,' or, 'I must submit the case to my solicitor,' so it ought to be habitual with a Christian, before he replies to an important matter, to demand a moment wherein he may wait upon God and obtain direction. In any case, I wish that it may be usual with us to ask guidance from above, that it may be noticed as our habit to trust in the Lord."—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

*EVENING HOUR.*

“And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide.”—Gen. xxiv. 63.

“Abide with us : for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them.”—Luke xxiv. 29.

“When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid : yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.”—Prov. iii. 24.

“I will both lay me down in peace and sleep : for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.”—Psalm iv. 8.

“He giveth His beloved sleep.”—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

“The sleep of a labouring man is sweet.”—Eccles. v. 12.

“He that keepeth thee will not slumber.”—Psalm cxxi. 3.

“The Lord is thy keeper.”—Psalm cxxi. 5.

“I will keep it night and day.”—Isaiah xxvii. 3.

“It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, to show forth Thy faithfulness every night.”—Psalm xcii. 2.

“With my soul have I desired Thee in the night.”—Isaiah xxvi. 9.

“At evening-time it shall be light.”—Zech. xiv. 7.

## Evening Hour.



“ MINUTES and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More fleet and free than they.

New time, new favours, and new joys  
Do a new song require ;  
Till we should praise Thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.”—*Mason*.

### ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

“ One more day's work for Jesus,  
One less of earth for me !  
But heaven is nearer, and Christ is dearer,  
Than yesterday to me ;  
His love and light fill all my soul to-night.

One more day's work for Jesus !  
How glorious is my King !

'Tis joy, not duty, to speak His beauty ;  
My soul mounts on the wing  
At the mere thought how Christ my life has  
bought.

One more day's work for Jesus,  
How sweet the work has been !  
To tell the story, to show the glory  
When Christ's flock enter in,  
How it did shine in this poor heart of mine !

One more day's work for Jesus !  
O yes, a weary day !  
But heaven shines clearer, and rest comes nearer,  
At each step of the way,  
And Christ in all ! Before His face I fall.

O blessed work for Jesus !  
O rest at Jesus' feet !  
There toil seems pleasure, my wants are treasure,  
And pain for Him is sweet.  
Lord, if I may, I'll serve another day."

—*A. Warner.*

"Night falls with shadows deep,  
With Thee I calmly rest ;  
Thou givest Thy beloved sleep,  
Close nestled on Thy breast."



*WAKEFUL HOURS.*

“Thou holdest mine eyes waking.”—Psalm lxxvii. 4.

“I call to remembrance my song in the night : I commune with mine own heart. . . . I will meditate also of all Thy work.”—Psalm lxxvii. 6, 12.

“My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness : and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips, when I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee in the night-watches.”—Psalm lxiii. 5, 6, 12.

“In the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.”—Psalm xlii. 8.

“At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto Thee, because of Thy righteous judgments.”—Psalm cxix. 62.

“Wearisome nights are appointed to me.”—Job vii. 3.

“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”—Psalm xxx. 5.

“And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them.”—Acts xvi. 25.

“I have remembered Thy name, O Lord, in the night.”—Psalm cxix. 55.

“God, my Maker, who giveth songs in the night.”—Job xxxv. 10.

## Wakeful Hours.



“My lonely suffering nights have been brilliant,—brilliant with the presence of Jesus. He Himself spake the promises to me, and then they were so precious. Yes, He gave them to me Himself.”—*H. G.*

“My dear loving Saviour was so near to me last night. I asked Him to give me sleep, or, if not, to make me quite willing to suffer any amount of pain He thought fit to give me; and He was with me. I felt as if I could almost see the smile on His face, and I seemed to have such a near view of my dear Home. I felt as if I could bear anything with His presence.”—*H. G.*

“A friend once visiting a poor, aged, bedridden woman, noticed that the window-blind of her little room was very ragged and torn, and on proposing to give her a new one, and expecting the offer would be gladly accepted, she was surprised to receive the following reply: ‘Oh, dinna, dinna take away my old blind from me; for at night I lie awake,

and I can see the stars shining through the rents, and they speak to me of my Father's promises.' Does not this prove how God can turn even the very privations of His children into channels of joy and blessing ?”

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*THE*  
*SECRET SOURCE OF THIS LIFE.*

“ Abide in Me, and I in you. . . . He that abideth in Me, and I in Him, the same bringeth forth much fruit : for without Me ye can do nothing. . . . If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.”—John xv. 4, 5, 7.

“ Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.”—1 Cor. i. 30.

“ Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities : for we know not what we should pray for as we ought ; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.”—Rom. viii. 26.

“ In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.”—Isaiah xlv. 24.

“ The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”—1 John i. 7.

“ My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”—Phil. iv. 19.

“ And God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.”—2 Cor. ix. 8.

“ I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me : and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.”—Gal. ii. 20.

“ I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.”—Phil. iv. 13.

## The Secret Source of this Life.



“A BEGGAR sitting on some church-steps being saluted with the ordinary form, ‘Good-day to you,’ answered, ‘It is always a good day to me; for it is always the day that God sends.’ And so we must learn to say it is a good day with me though I am weary and lonely, or oppressed or in pain; for weariness, and loneliness, and oppression are God’s sending, ‘and behold it is very good.’”—*S. L. Lear, “Weariness.”*

“There is a divine alchemy which can turn the bitterest things into the sweetest blessings.”

“A weak believer and a strong Christ can do all things.”

“Where Jesus is, there is sure to be sunshine,—sunshine in the heart, and peace in the soul. It is a great comfort that His love to us does not depend on the measure of ours to Him. His is like an ocean, too deep, too tender for the

plummet of thought to fathom ; whilst ours is a tiny dew-drop that glistens on a blade of grass when the sun shines. May it be the longing desire of our hearts to glorify God, and to always reflect the image of Jesus ! What a bleak world this would be without Him ! ”

“ Holiness and happiness are both wrapped up in this : the heart’s assent and consent to what God asserts ; the compliance of the will with His will ; all of which is conveyed in the sincere utterance of one word, ‘ Yes.’ ”

#### ENOUGH.

“ I am so weak, dear Lord ! I cannot stand  
One moment without Thee ;  
But oh ! the tenderness of Thine enfolding,  
And oh ! the faithfulness of Thine upholding,  
And oh ! the strength of Thy right hand !  
That strength is enough for me.

I am so needy, Lord ! And yet I know  
All fulness dwells in Thee ;  
And hour by hour that never-failing treasure  
Supplies and fills in overflowing measure  
My least, my greatest need ; and so  
Thy grace is enough for me.



It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone ;  
I do not ask to see  
The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining  
Of future light on mysteries untwining ;  
Thy promise-roll is all my own,  
Thy word is enough for me.

The human heart asks love ; but now I know  
That my heart hath from Thee  
All real, and full, and marvellous affection.  
So near, so human ! yet divine perfection,  
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow !  
Thy love is enough for me !

There were strange soul-depths, restless, vast, and  
broad,  
Unfathomed as the sea ;  
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling ;  
But now thy perfect love is perfect filling !  
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,  
Thou, Thou art enough for me ! ”

—*F. R. Havergal.*

“ I shall never cease to remember when, in prospect of losing some of our comfortable surroundings, these words were spoken to me as by a voice from heaven : ‘ Your joy no man taketh from you ; ’ and oh, what blessed peace was then produced in my troubled heart ! for I reflected, they may take away my earthly possessions, but they cannot take away Christ my Lord. And thus, instead of weeping that

night when I went to rest, I was enabled to rejoice and be glad ; ' For in danger I could praise, and in sorrow could rejoice.' So in your changed circumstances you will know God in a different character and in a new relationship. May you be able *now* to 'know and to believe the love which God hath unto you,' although He has visited you with this heavy loss. I feel sure that when you heard the tidings, the eye of *faith* could read *love* upon it. Another thing that used to help me on so in the days gone by was that I heard a minister say from the pulpit that 'every Christian was a person labelled *Provided for*.' How often when the way was rough and rugged did these words fall pleasantly on my ear ! And now I am a living testimony of this truth ; for I am provided for."—*E. A. W.*

"Our God is a fortress ; think what a fortress must be ! stored *within* with provisions and cordials, with weapons and ammunition ; and how strong *without* ! Go bravely forward ! Never mind the little thorns : take them to Jesus, and He will pull them all out, and apply the sweet cooling leaves from the Tree of Life to allay the smarting."

—*O. D. T.*

"The Christian's life is *in* Christ, *on* Christ, *by* Christ, *to* Christ, *for* Christ, *with* Christ."—*P. Henry.*

"Would you advance in all grace ? Study Christ much, and you shall find not only the *pattern in* Him, but strength and skill *from* Him to follow it."—*Leighton.*

“Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of; spend it in nothing on which you might not pray for the blessing of God. Spend it in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed. Spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing, if death should surprise you in the act.”—*R. Baxter.*

“It is not unprofitable from time to time to make a review of one’s past life, tracing what growth, what gain, has come to us out of those things which seemed most adverse, most distasteful. Even the little daily trifles which vex us, often carry this visible stamp of being overruled. The wet day which spoilt some pet plan, caused you to be at home when some specially welcome visitor came; the illness which seemed so ill-timed, opened out a store of kindness from people you did not think cared for you; the unavoidable detention led to some most grateful acquaintance, or the weary consciousness of something amiss led you to real abiding sorrow for some sin which else you would have glossed over until it was too late.”

—*From “Weariness,” by S. L. Lear.*

“Then trust Him for to-day  
As thine unfailing Friend,  
And let Him lead thee all the way,  
Who loveth to the end,

And let the morrow rest  
In His beloved hand ;  
His good is better than our best,  
As we shall understand,  
If, trusting Him who faileth never,  
We rest on Him to-day, for ever !”

—*F. R. Havergal.*

“ ‘ My God shall supply all your need,’ is the word I give you for this New Year. You will not get to the bottom of it if you search into its depths every day ; for it will take all eternity to learn what are God’s riches in glory.”

—*R. W.*

“ Growth is the essential character of the new birth. All God’s plants must grow, watered by His Spirit, warmed by heavenly sunshine ; but in grace, as in nature, some flowers are sooner developed than others. In order, then, to decide your state in God’s sight, the first question which concerns you is, Am I growing ? A dwarf, stand-still religion is a contradiction. In order to know your state, it is enough to see the signs of growth, though they may be scarcely discernible ; and then having ascertained that you are growing, your next question should be, How soon can I arrive at maturity ? What are the means provided for this important end ? As God alone, by His Spirit and through His Son Jesus, can give life, so He alone can bring it to perfection. Depend upon Him entirely ; and as the new-born infant should not be exposed to the inclemency

of the weather, so don't expose your new life to the cold atmosphere of a sinful world. Christians are little children, and were it not for the tender nursing of Jesus, Satan and his hostile hosts would destroy this new life. As it is, when we fancy ourselves secure, surrounded by Almighty arms, Satan *seems* often to snatch us away ; but this is permitted to show us our helplessness, and when we are drawn back again, we hold with greater tenacity our Father's arms, and have a greater delight in His love."—*L. G. J.*

"I have often dwelt with much comfort upon the expression, 'we are His workmanship,' in Eph. ii. 10: 'For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.' We have to be created anew ; and however great the ruin, God is able to build anew, and even to beautify."

"Mine seems to be such a changing experience of divine things. Joy and sorrow succeed each other so quickly ; do they not seem to be closely united, to live and grow together? The deeper the cause for sorrow, often the brighter the joy which God graciously grants."—*E. F.*

"How can I want for sympathy when I have a risen Christ? How can I feel alone and sad when I have the society and the soothing of a living, ever-present Jesus?—a Jesus who loves me, who knows all my circumstances,

all my feelings, and who has His finger upon my every pulse; who sees all my tears, hears all my sighs, and records all my thoughts; who, go to Him when I will and with what I will, will never say me nay, nor bid me depart unblest.”—*H. G.*

“Unclaimed promises are like uncashed cheques; they will keep us from bankruptcy, but not from want. ‘*Through faith obtained promises.*’”

“C-A-S-T never spelt carry!”—*C. A. S.*

“Cast thy burthen upon the Lord.”

“Thank you, dear friend, for your allusion to Hosea ii. 14, 15, ‘I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope: and she shall sing as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt.’ I have been thinking much of these verses. What an unlikely place for fruitfulness is the wilderness! ‘A dry and barren land, where no water is.’ *We* should not expect to find anything to flourish there; but Jesus can prepare the soil and give the water, streams in abundance, and ‘from Him is our fruit found.’ This is very comforting to me. Then that song which we are enabled to sing there, I think will be sweeter to Him than that even of our earlier days. If it is not so loud, have we not learned more of Him than we then

knew? And is it not a more simple rejoicing in the Lord? Sometimes it has seemed, indeed, as if our singing days were over; but He has but to touch our hearts and the music again bursts forth. And so it will be, dear friend. Oh, I trust *we* shall come with singing to Zion, whose very walls are praise! 'Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me.' The past, present, and future all tell us something of the loving-kindness of our Jesus; and yet how little do we know! Every trial and mystery will one day be solved, and we shall then see that the dark and hidden things were our greatest mercies."—*D. J. O.*

"The Lord Jesus owed that wonderful calmness which marked His life very much to the fact that He felt His Father had a plan for Him; not a plan for a lifetime merely, but a plan for each day; and that He had to discover what the plan was, and then to carry it out. And so, however puzzling and perplexing the maze of duties through which He had to thread His way, nothing ever perplexed or puzzled Him, because, putting His hand into His Father's hand, He just walked in paths prepared for Him. Surely everything we have to do or bear, comes to us as part of a prearranged plan. Things that distract our work, things that upset our purposes, things that thwart our wishes, interruptions, annoyances, are all part of God's plan, and should be met accordingly. There are so many holes and so many pegs before you, and your business is to put the pegs one after another into their separate

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and I am on the water sailing through the world and they speak to me of my Father's promises. Does not this prove how God can work even the very promises of His children into channels of joy and blessing?"



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holes. But then remember, if the pegs be purposes and the holes hours, you must take care not to spend two hours over what ought only to occupy one; for if you do, you must of course expect your arrangements to be upset.”—*Rev. J. Figgis.*

“ ‘God has before ordained the good works you are to do, my child,’ she said; ‘they will meet you one by one as you walk along the path of life, and present themselves to you with a silent appeal that you would do them. Think of the Lord Jesus. He never seemed to go out of His way to find occasion for doing the works of God; and displaying the glory of God. The incidents of His daily life furnished the natural opportunities, and He was always ready to redeem them. Be less anxious to *find* a work, my child, than to be *ready* to *do* all the work that will find you.’ ”

—*Night and Day.*

“What I desire more and more is to give up all to my beloved Saviour, to let Him think through my thoughts, speak through my mouth, and act in my actions; to be all to me, and always with me; to lose sight of self in Him.”

—*H. G.*

“Unconscious influence is that which we exercise over others without their specially watching us. It is not so much the result of the open lines of action which we take up, after careful consideration as to what is right to do, and which we know will be weighed and discussed by

others. It is rather the result of just the manner displayed, the tone adopted, the smile, the frown, the silence or the remarks dropped, the calmness or the reverse under the privation or worry, the choice which we make in little things, the exhibition of self-sacrifice, or self-seeking in little trivial matters, the books we are seen to enjoy, our lesser personal habits, our methods of personal attire and dress, and an almost endless number of similar things. To lay down any rules for the employment of unconscious influence would be obviously impossible. The only suggestion that we can make with regard to it is that we should endeavour to keep the consciousness of our own salvation bright and clear, and to exhibit always the happiness and joy which become a Christian. We should seek to live in the light of God's presence, and to cultivate the habit of bringing the smallest details into it. It is only as we do so that we shall grow into what we may call the unconscious habit of using this special sort of influence on the Lord's side."—*Rev. E. Boys.*

#### THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

Ps. xxv. 14.

"Just to let thy Father do  
What He will ;  
Just to know that He is true,  
And be still.

He who formed thee for His praise  
Will not miss the gracious aim ;  
So to-day and all thy days,  
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand

*Little* things,

All we cannot understand,

All that stings !

Just to let Him take the care

Sorely pressing,

Finding all we let Him bear

Changed to blessing.

This is all ! and yet the way

Marked by Him who loves thee best !

Secret of a happy day,

Secret of His promised rest."

—*F. R. Havergal.*

" For the weariest day

May Christ be thy stay !

For the darkest night

May Christ be thy light !

For the weakest hour

May Christ be thy power !

In each moment's fall

May Christ be thy all !"—*F. R. Havergal.*



